

WOMEN WORKERS ON THE LAND in a Monmouthshire Area. By H. Avray Tipping.
VERDUN AND GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY. By André Chevillon.

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THE DEATH OF LORD KITCHENER

HERE was no other man living at the time whose sudden death would have caused the shock given by that of Lord Kitchener. His name and personality were known throughout the world. It was he who by his counsel and his organising genius transformed Britain into a great military power. Never will this service be forgotten. But for his energy and resource Great Britain at the present moment would be destitute of any army fit to cope on anything like equal terms with the German coalition. The circumstances of his death increase its tragedy. We will not deal here with the criticisms and allegations recently brought against him in the House of Commons. Those who made them will be glad to-day that after his frank conference they withdrew their injurious expressions and expressed the gratitude due from all. He

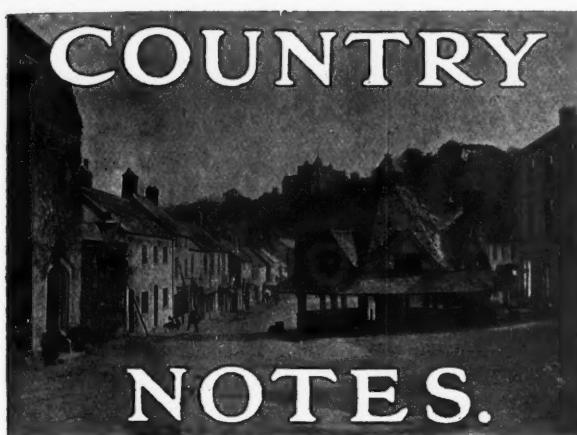
was as victorious in the council room as he had always been in the field.

Even while the debate was going on it is characteristic that he was preparing to visit Russia. Since the war began he had travelled freely wherever the need of the moment called, utterly regardless of the dangers from mine and torpedo. Over and over again he crossed and recrossed the waters of the English Channel to confer with Joffre, to prompt, we may assume, the men at headquarters, to take personal stock of positions and difficulties. He had journeyed on one occasion as far as the Dardanelles. Personal danger he either did not feel or utterly disregarded when duty called him. Immediately after the great battle he must have known that the Northern waters were dangerous. Submarines in numbers must have been essentials of the German enterprise which failed, and some were sure to keep on their way when the big German cruisers were sunk or driven back. The peril of the journey did not deter him in the slightest. Whether the Germans were aware of his presence on board the *Hampshire*, or whether they torpedoed it merely because it was a British cruiser, there is no guessing at present. Nor will there be any complaining. A ship of war is a fair target for the enemy. But that a man so great should have been done to death in the stealthiest and least open way known to modern warfare is indeed regrettable. Well might he have exclaimed with the Greek hero, "Would that in clamour of battle mine eyes had laid hold upon death." That, however, was not the way of his imperceptible spirit.

The moment when England stands with head bowed over the bier of her hero is not one in which to attempt any cold and critical estimate of his character. He was in one respect happy in the occasion of his death. Kitchener's Army is an achieved monument. It was his last work and his greatest. Born in 1850, he was past the age for action in the field, and fortunate for England that was because it enabled the country to reap the full benefit of a genius for organisation unsurpassed in his own or any other age. Germany at first scoffed at the idea of it. They thought it an idle dream that any army could be extemporised, clothed and equipped, and ready to take the field against laboriously trained Continental troops. But they have lived to feel astonished at the results of a brief training when it is thorough. The young soldiers of this war have acquitted themselves like veterans. It was, of course, no sudden discovery that Lord Kitchener had this extraordinary power of organisation. He had proved its existence in the Egyptian Campaign that followed, at a long interval, the death of Gordon. As Chief of Staff in the South African War he, with Lord Roberts, had made the preparations that were to be crowned with victory. Still more in India his work had been that of reorganisation. From his labours in all these different parts of the British Empire the Mother Country has reaped priceless advantage in the greater efficiency shown in the present war.

Occasionally it has been said that Lord Kitchener was not amiable, but the answer to that is that never did any military commander possess the confidence and even affection of the men to such a degree as he did. Whether this came from their instinctive perception of certain fine elements in his character which did not appear on the surface, or whether it was a feeling engendered by his uniform success, it is difficult to say. But that the men, not only of the army he had created—Kitchener's Army—but of the forces outside—the Regulars and Territorials—believed in him utterly and would have gone anywhere and done anything at his command, it is impossible to deny. If we think of the great English commanders who went before him, we see that each had an individuality of his own, and that his probably resembled that of Marlborough more than any other. Kitchener's death will be regretted by none more than our French Allies. On their side he fleshed his maiden sword in 1870, and there would have been a dramatic completeness in his career if he had been spared to witness the counter-stroke administered in 1916. Italy he had already visited, and he made many friends there. The journey to Russia would have completed his relationship with the Allies. But when a man dies suddenly and unexpectedly, the strings of his interests are cut as well as those of his life.

*** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



FOR a few hours last Saturday the people of this country were anxious and some of them depressed. The Admiralty's first official message about the great naval battle had emphasised the magnitude of our losses without giving any opinion as to the issue. Experts at once drew the true inference from the facts. A force which has been baulked of its object and forced to retreat could have achieved no victory. Neutrals arrived at the same conclusion. The general public only came to it after further information began to flow in. Then they saw that in reality the British Navy had added a new and stirring chapter to its glorious history. All who were in the engagement fought like heroes, but the name standing out most prominently is that of Sir David Beatty. On him, as commander of the Battle Cruiser Squadron, rested the momentous decision whether to fight or retire from the vastly superior German force. He did not hesitate a moment but, as Nelson or Drake would have done, hastened to engage the enemy, and then ensued a fight which for valour, grim tenacity and seamanship will be ever commemorated in naval annals. Beside these heroes he takes a place in immortal fame.

WE have only to form a mental picture of the scene to see how difficult it is to follow the battle or describe positive incidents. A din beyond what we can conceive of Pandemonium—shrieking and bursting shells, roar of cannon, explosions, conflagrations—and amid all men with nerves of steel performing their stern duties; each, from the gunner at his turret to the fireman in the engine-room, devoted, steady, resolute, doing his allotted share of the fighting and the equally important manœuvring and navigation of the ship. A single episode may be taken as typical of the way our seamen fought. It occurred after the *Warrior* had been battered to a hulk by shells from guns that out-ranged her armament. Then the *Warspite*, one of the four battle-cruisers that had hurried to Beatty's support, dashed up and engaged the foremost enemy battle-cruiser, in five minutes reducing it to a blazing wreck. A second battle-cruiser met with an equal fate. She turned and fled with funnels belching flame, but a couple of shells from the *Warspite* demolished every funnel she had, and another, falling on her stern, ripped up her deck and burst near the foremast. Two minutes later she was on fire and a wreck. How the *Warspite* was surrounded and fought her way out reminds us of the deeds of the Elizabethan seamen. Well might her gallant commander Admiral Thomas, when all was over and the crew safe in port, compliment his men and promise them a well deserved holiday.

IF anything were needed to impress on munition workers the importance of what they are doing, it would be this tremendous battle. They have only to reflect what would have happened if there had been any shortage of those huge shells which figure so much in naval warfare. The Germans brought the war on this occasion closer than it has ever been before to the homes of Great Britain. They have demonstrated in a way that will not be overlooked the duty of everyone to work with might and main towards the provision of those munitions of war which are urgently required to bring this terrible campaign to an early decision. It ought, and, we believe, will supply a motive much more potent than the time-and-a-half or whatever the bribe is which the Minister has offered for the purpose of inducing men to work over the Whitsuntide holidays. Verdun is a long way off and even its thunder may fail to reach some of the grosser

ears in this country. The battle raging from Ypres to the Swiss border is one for the existence of Great Britain as well as for the integrity of France. The Battle of Jutland must have driven this moral home.

IN another part of this issue Mr. Avray Tipping gives an instructive account of the manner in which a bevy of women came to the rescue of the Monmouthshire farmers. The prime mover was Miss Clay of Piercefield, who is described as a practical agriculturist and successful breeder and trainer of hunters. She induced a number of her neighbours to work together as a group on her own farm and some others in the same parish. Her example seems to have stimulated a similar movement on Mr. Tipping's land. One of his lady gardeners had practical knowledge of farm routine and experience in organisation. It was arranged that she should have time and opportunity to raise a local group of farm workers. She started her organising work on April 17th, and on May 1st her group was at work in the parish of Mathern. She had been able to receive forty promises of help, a few giving all their time, others a few hours per day, and several three days a week. An example of the work accomplished was the weeding of a ten-acre field of autumn-sown wheat at which thirteen hands worked a hundred and seventy-eight hours.

THE day had been fixed at threepence per hour, and the total cost came to £2 4s. 6d., or 4s. 5½d. per acre. The example was contagious, and applications were received from several other farms and the work got on apace. Corn and bean fields were weeded, potatoes planted and other work done. The month of May gave practice to the new workers and publicity to the scheme, so that there is every prospect of the June work of making and harvesting meadow and other hay being successfully accomplished. This is a bright chapter in the history that one day will have to be written of British agriculture under war conditions. What has been done in Monmouthshire is being accomplished in several other parts of the country, and the number of farmers who scoff at female labour is steadily being reduced to a minority. Young, well educated girls are entering into the scheme with the go they put into a new game. They boast of having achieved the knack of ploughing without a single throw and in every way their spirit and application offer a striking example of patriotic action.

FROM CARDIFF TO PENARTH.

Above the sea the shadows pass
And slowly pass the ships between,
And shadows pass across the grass
Where all the grass waves green,
And far above stretch placid skies,
Above the cliff where someone lies.

She has a breast as soft as silk,
A heart as kind as summer weather's;
She has a hand as white as milk,
A footfall like a feather's.
And ah! her dancing thro' the night
Makes the bright stars more bright.

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.

UNLESS some careful provision is exercised there is likely to be an exhibition of want and waste in regard to fruit this year. The outlook is excellent. Bush fruit, as well as apples, pears and plums, promises to be exceptionally abundant. In the ordinary course of things the surplus would be turned into jam and become available for food next winter, but the high price of sugar is checking the enterprise of jam manufacturers, and it has been announced that they will this year make much less than usual. Private individuals will probably act much on the same lines. In many households it has been the custom to make considerable quantities of jam, but even when the fruit can be gathered in the garden the price of the sugar is a consideration. We hope that people will not give it undue weight, however. They should remember that it is not likely to fall for at least twelve months to come, that is to say, in the period for which the preserved fruit should last. Therefore, even if it costs a little more than usual, it will be cheaper in the end to preserve all the available fruit. There will be plenty of use for it in the months of winter. Besides, it is not known as widely as it should be that it is possible and practicable to preserve plums and several other kinds of fruit without

sugar. These considerations appear obvious enough, and yet those who have most experience in the ways of country folk are prepared for a considerable neglect of the fruit crop which is now ripening.

PRACTICALLY every human being has been hushed to sleep with the commonest of all lullabies, "Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top," but probably very few have ever considered what is the connection between a baby and a tree top. For that very reason they will read with appreciative interest the interesting and ingenious theory which Mr. Frankfort Moore sets forth in our Correspondence columns this week. He recalls the fact that the lullaby must in the nature of things be the very oldest form of music. In fact, the first one was made by the wind itself, brushing the leaves of the tree where the young of our arboreal ancestors were probably hanging by those little hands which still amaze us by their strength. Speculation, some will call it; and, indeed, it is a far cry extending probably over millions of years to that stage in the world's history, and the most we can do is to fancy what might have occurred. But Mr. Moore's theory is plausible and reasonable. Things might have been like that, and the swing of the cradle may be a motion designed to imitate the swing of the bough.

WE are glad to know that the Red Cross authorities are taking up seriously the question of arresting the fly nuisance. They are appealing to landowners and others of influence in the country to show both by precept and example the danger arising from the flies and the necessity of dealing with them. Obviously, the farmer is in this respect the worst of all sinners, because of his inveterate habit of leaving his manure to fester in the sun within easy reach of human dwellings. It is really a very stupid practice. Approaching the subject from a purely agricultural standpoint, a well known agricultural expert has just been to Ireland for the purpose of impressing on the farmers there the urgent need of making properly and conserving carefully their manurial resources, particularly liquid manure. It has been proved beyond doubt or question that British farmers waste as much plant food in the shape of manure as in the course of a few years would, if realised, be sufficient to redeem the National Debt. A few here and there have come to appreciate the advantage of keeping it under cover where the flies do not visit it. If they followed the Belgian practice and added to their indoor system the further advantage of watering the manure regularly and copiously with the tank liquid, they would get rid of the flies altogether, as well as put money in their pockets.

IN another part of the paper we publish this week a little article from M. Vendelmans explaining and illustrating the method of dealing with liquid manure in Belgium. This is admittedly far superior to the English system and will thoroughly repay the attention of those engaged in practical husbandry. Indeed, anyone, whether agricultural or not, reading the article and then making a visit to the average British homestead would at once appreciate its merits. It is the boast of Belgians that at any time of the year you can walk through their yards without soiling a satin shoe, whereas in this country for many months of the year there are thousands of farmhouses only approachable by wading through mud and filth. Of course, if anyone retorts that there are beautifully kept farmhouses in this country we most willingly admit it. The English farmer who recognises the increased economy and cleanliness of the indoor system of keeping manure does it as well, if not better, than anybody else, but there is no denying that on the average British farm the management of the manure is at once wasteful, an invitation to disease and an encouragement to flies.

SINCE the Great Fire destroyed London there have been few opportunities for a great architectural scheme so notable as that afforded by the destruction of Sackville Street, Dublin. Town planning schemes for the rather ragged suburbs of the Irish capital were on foot before the war broke out, but at that time no change was contemplated in the heart of the city. The plan put forward by Professor Geddes a few years ago for a Via Sacra through the city which would connect the two cathedrals with a site for a new Roman Catholic cathedral was abandoned after discussion. It is hoped that the tragedy of the rebellion may prove to be a blessing in disguise by leading the way to political reconciliation. The havoc in Sackville Street ought in the same way to be regarded as an opportunity for replacing the rather heterogeneous buildings by

a great and ordered scheme of civic architecture which shall renew the Georgian glories of Dublin. It is interesting to note that one of the leading Irish architects has declared that this can only be done satisfactorily if the State acquires absolute ownership of the entire area involved. This is an extension of the scheme propounded by Sir Christopher Wren for dealing with the burnt-out area of the old city of London. Wren's advice was flouted, with the result that London grew up again in haphazard fashion. Mr. Samuel's visit to Dublin for the purpose of examining the whole question on the spot is all to the good.

IT is very reprehensible from an agricultural point of view for a farmer to keep his fences in such bad repair that the sheep get out and stray on to the highway, but it would appear from a decision of the Court of Appeal on Saturday last that the owner of the sheep is not responsible for an accident they may cause to a passing motor. The Master of the Rolls gave a very clear summary of the case, which had been decided in favour of the plaintiffs by the County Court Judge on the ground that "sheep which are unattended have a natural tendency to run across the road and endanger the vehicles." The farmer appealed to the Divisional Court, which reversed this decision and the finding of the Divisional Court was confirmed by the Court of Appeal. There seems to have been no previous direct decision on the question as to whether a farmer is bound to maintain his fence so as to keep sheep from straying on the highway, but the Master of the Rolls found that an animal like a sheep which was by nature harmless would not fairly be regarded as likely to come into collision with a motor-car, therefore the owner and hirer of the taxi-cab which met with the accident were non-suited.

"MAY 31ST, 1916."

What of these, who in one short evening died?

The summer skies looked down on the awful murk
Of smoke and slaughter and fire, and on men who fought
Deafened by hideous noise, and blinded, groped at the guns ;
Dying and maimed, yet to the last, fighting for what they wrought
For England.

There in the lurid light of the smoke and flame
The stricken ships with their thousand lives, went down ;
Firing their guns to the end from the splintered decks,
In a welter of wreckage and blood, to their lasting renown
And England's.

Such men are the nation's strength, the best of her sons,
With a life-long record of work for her fame,
Trained in her service from childhood to fight in her need,
And in dying to gild with fresh glory her glorious name
Of England.

*What could we wish them more,
After that hell of darkness and noise
Than the peace of the sea?*

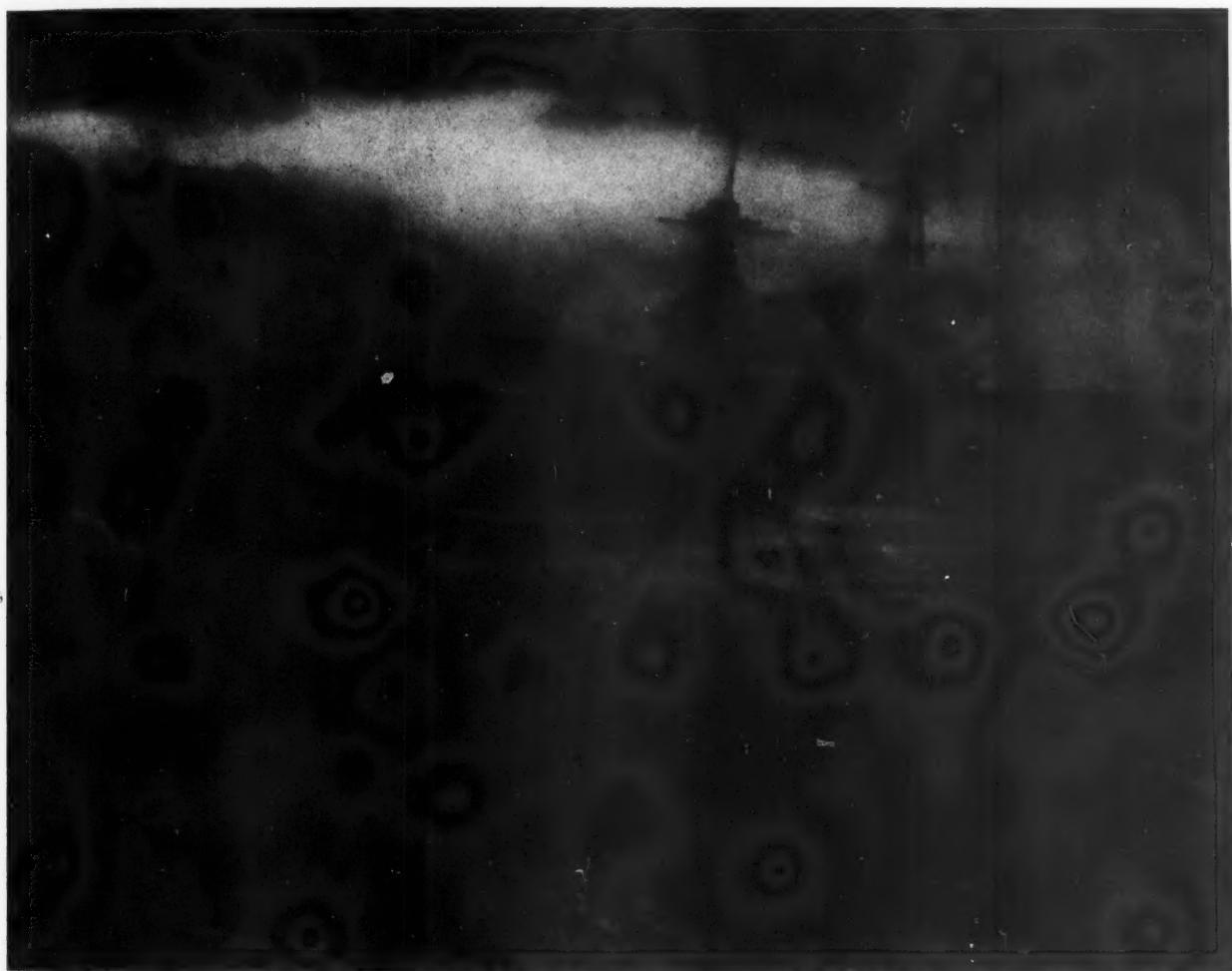
M. G. MEUGENS.

THE London City Fathers have been considering the worthwhileness of one of the oldest offices in their scheme of government, that of the Bridgemaster. There are really two Bridgemasters, and it was proposed that in future these positions should be honorary in character, with no salaries attached to them. The duties have, of course, long been in the hands of the Bridge House Estate. It has been decided, however, that the modest salaries of £25 a year shall be paid. This compares unfavourably with the emoluments in the eighteenth century, when the Senior Bridgemaster pocketed about £100 a year. The office goes back very far in time, and certainly to the reign of Edward I, when there was an enquiry into the interests of the Master of London Bridge in certain mills on the River Lea. It is probable that no Bridgemaster was ever able to keep Old London Bridge steady on its legs, and that the office had constantly to be put into commission. Indeed, Strype tells us that it was usually given to some freeman who had a liberal salary allowed him, "and the place hath sometimes been a good relief for some honest citizens fallen into decay." The spectacle of a decayed citizen undertaking the care of a decayed Bridge would have appealed to Hogarth, whose sketch of the overloaded and tottering structure, seen through a window in the room in which his Countess is dying, will be recalled by those familiar with his "Marriage à la Mode" series.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

THE first great naval battle of the war has resulted in an incontestable victory for Great Britain. Berlin, they say, was beflagged on Saturday and Sunday, and an attempt was made to get up rejoicing which would have been appropriate only if the German Fleet had succeeded in its design. What that design was no one on this side of the North Sea seems to know, but it failed absolutely and completely. According to their own account the German Fleet steamed out to pursue an enterprise northward. They were encountered by Admiral Beatty in command of a subsidiary fleet far inferior in strength. If Admiral Beatty had been a German he would have made use of his superior speed and escaped, but he was out to fight. He knew that if he could hold the Germans long enough Admiral Jellicoe would come to his succour. He therefore acted in the old dogged spirit of the British Navy and welcomed the battle which every British sailor has

led, followed by the *Tiger*, and opposite them was the *Derflinger*, which they had encountered at the Dogger Bank. It sent a shell into the wardroom of the *Tiger*, the crew of which were right glad to encounter their old enemy, and a shell from the *Tiger* hit one of the turrets of the *Derflinger* and annihilated the gun crew. The loss of this ship is admitted by the Germans. Now arrived on the scene four fast battleships and a heavy action was fought with the Germans close to neutral Danish waters off Jutland. Admiral Beatty was holding them well when the four super-Dreadnoughts came up and tried to cut the enemy off from his southern base, while Beatty drove at them from the north. But now almost the whole of the German High Fleet steamed into the fray. The *Warspite* was soon in a mesh of submarines, but managed by good seamanship to get out of her difficulty. Then came the hardest moment of the battle for Sir David Beatty. The swift battle-cruisers are not



F. J. Mortimer.

A GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH SEA.

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been longing for. He was well aware of the danger; he knew that ships and men would have to be sacrificed; but in warfare risks have to be taken, and he did his *devoir* in a manner that adds lustre to his own reputation and to that of the British Navy. So great and so unparalleled a fight is difficult to visualise in the mind. Those who took part in it cannot find words to express its sublimity of horror. "It was," says one, "like forty thunderstorms rolled into one." The common tar puts it in a nutshell when he says it was "Hell."

The battle-cruiser squadron had gone out from their Scottish port on a smooth sea, a slight haze hanging over the water, and the day warm and summerlike. For sixteen hours the ships steamed on, then from the destroyers came word that small enemy craft were in the neighbourhood, and shortly afterwards the destroyers joined action. Then the battle-cruisers came up and the Germans standing their ground the battle began in earnest. At this point we seem to have had a very distinct advantage as the marksmanship of the Germans, though good, was not equal to ours. The *Lion*

thickly armoured and were at a disadvantage fighting at close range. A shell passed through the thin iron plating of the *Queen Mary* and she went down after a magazine had exploded, and the *Indefatigable* followed. The *Lion* and the *Tiger*, manoeuvring with magnificent courage and skill, faced the enemy, but the *Lion* had one of her turrets jammed and several of her guns knocked out of action. Admiral Hood arrived from another station with the *Invincible*, the *Invincible*, the *Indomitable*, and the armoured cruisers of the second cruiser squadron, including the *Warrior*, the *Defence* and the *Black Prince*. Admiral Hood fought with gallantry and good seamanship, but the *Invincible* was torpedoed and sank, and our men, after fighting from four o'clock to nine, were more than delighted when Admiral Jellicoe arrived on the scene with the Grand Fleet. Thereupon the Germans, firm believers as they are in the doctrine concerning him who fights and runs away, after keeping up action for a short while, turned and fled with all haste to their ports, chased by the British Fleet. Admiral Jellicoe traversed the scene of conflict during the night,

HEROES OF THE



Russell & Sons.
REAR-AD. SIR R. ARBUTHNOT.
H.M.S. *Defence*.



Russell & Sons.
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLI COE.



Maull & Fox.
CAPT. CECIL I. PROWSE.
H.M.S. *Queen Mary*.



Russell & Sons.
COM. R. H. D. TOWNSEND.
H.M.S. *Invincible*.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY.
Who was in command of the Battle-Cruiser Squadron

JUTLAND FIGHT



C. N.
REAR-AD. HON. H. L. A. HOOD.
H.M.S. *Invincible*.



Maull & Fox.
COM. SIR CHARLES R. BLANE.
H.M.S. *Queen Mary*.



Lafayette.
COM. LOFTUS W. JONES.
H.M.S. *Shark*.

and in the semi-darkness many German vessels were destroyed. When daylight dawned there was no enemy in view. Thus, whatever the enterprise on which the Germans were bent, it failed, and the ships were driven back to the port from which they emerged. If they meditated a raid on some part of the British shore, it did not come off; if they hoped to break the blockade, they have discovered before now that it is closer than ever.

On Friday evening the British Admiralty, with a frankness and honesty which we cannot too greatly admire, contented themselves by issuing a despatch enumerating the British losses. Pessimists immediately rushed to the conclusion that the Germans by some means or other had achieved a victory. This version, naturally enough, was the one set abroad at Berlin. But on Monday morning, when it had become possible to arrive at the facts, fuller information was given, to the great relief and satisfaction of the British public. Many hoped that in the first great action the German Fleet would have been annihilated in the way that Nelson

had with his enemies, but as far as the achievement of that went the luck was against us. The haze thickened to something like a fog and prevented the British Fleet from intervening between the German ships and their port, so as to force them either to fight to the death or seek refuge in neutral waters. It was touch and go for them. They still say that they have placed a great victory to their credit. We for our part are content for once to wait and see. The test of success is plain and obvious. No one for a moment will believe that if the Germans have gained confidence in their fleet they will fail to make a speedy attempt to break the blockade of which they complain so bitterly. We imagine that a great deal of repairing and renewal will have to be done in the German Fleet before they are in a position to do so. Our Admiralty are not at all given to exaggeration, and they assert that the German losses are not only relatively, but absolutely greater than ours. The Germans, on the other hand, have refrained from admitting any casualty which they could possibly cloak or conceal.

VERDUN AND GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY

BY ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON.

WE have now entered upon the fourth month of the battle of Verdun, with new frantic efforts on the part of the Germans to break our defence. But they have made no important progress since the end of February, when the suddenness and secretly accumulated power of the blow gained them a few miles. They have even here and there lost ground, and the initiative of the fight has repeatedly passed on our side. A neutral gentleman who had just come back from the invaded departments, where he had been engaged for a year on relief work, told me a month ago that he had seen the whole slow and enormous preparation of the attack. In January and February the German officers with whom his work brought him in daily contact were constantly speaking of the coming *coup*, as if no doubt of success could be entertained. Nothing, said my friend, who had learned to know them well, was more significant than their reticence as to Verdun during the last weeks of his stay with them. The subject had become taboo.

And yet they still launch their massive attacks, in which their men come shoulder touching shoulder, to fall in long, rapidly increasing heaps under the fire of our machine-guns. If one had not heard from the Russian side as well as from our front of German prisoners who were taken still smelling of ether, and who confessed to having been under a special diet before being thus hurled in serried ranks—twelve deep to the yard—to butchery, one would not know which to admire most: the blind, absolute devotedness of those men, or the indomitable temper of those French soldiers who were supposed to have more *élan* than staying power, and who manage to find shelter in the craters that have been dug by a terrific *Trommel Feuer*, and there, in little packs of survivors or isolated, with what is left of machine-guns, most of the protective wire being wiped out, succeed in stopping the thick waves of the advancing enemy.

All the essential difference between the two peoples is to be seen in the two sides of such a picture. The French are individualists; the value of the nation is that of the individuals. Hence their achievement in air craft and their rapid success in the noble art (at football where they fail, their play is said to be too individualistic); hence also the general tendency of our school of tactics, which, leaning on national psychology, favours the *ordre dispersé* and leaves as much as possible to the judgment and enterprise of each man. The strength of the German is in the organised herd. Their attacks remind one of the charge of the buffaloes which have closed together to stamp the tiger under foot. A friend who saw some of the battlefields of the Marne before the dead were buried told me that even in death this difference between the temper of the two races is to be seen. The French dead, he said, were scattered here and there like poppies in a cornfield (this was at the beginning of the war, when the French army still wore the traditional red trousers): the Germans lay in grey heaps like inanimate swarms. This gregarious feature of the enemy struck our men in the very first battles of the campaign. "We got sick with killing them," a wounded zouave who was just back from Charleroi told me. "But the more of them you killed the thicker they came. Ants . . . they were like ants, a continuous tide of ants. . . ."

Into the collective being of the swarm or herd the individual merges, and from it during the battle he receives his enthusiasm and impetus. German writers have often described what they called the "voluptuous frenzy of battle." Then it is that each man losing for the moment the feeling of his own personality, the general Teutonic soul takes the place of his own particular soul, moving him to holy Teutonic rage—*furo*

teutonicus. To German warriors who have reached this state—with the help of music, strong food and ether—death comes as a beatific and pantheistic rapture. A great deal has been said in Germany of the ecstasy of the *Helden Tod*. Probably the ecstasy is the same when, instead of dying, the hero burns, loots and slaughters as he did in Belgium. Nietzsche speaks of the sacred joy of destruction.

The other and no less important element in their psychology is, of course, their absolute and mechanical discipline—a discipline which puts the herd into the hands of the leader, like a several hundred, thousand or million horse-power, or rather "man-power" engine, to be hurled at his pleasure in this or that direction. This discipline is not, as with us, a mere necessity of war. It is founded firstly on the idea of caste (we are very much struck in France by the fact that, in spite of their enormous losses in officers, they still avoid making lieutenants of their sergeants and *Feldwebels*), an idea very different from the distinction between classes which prevails in other countries. In England, for instance, the old rural social principle that "one should know one's betters" is tempered by the religious principle that a man is personally responsible to God for all his acts, that his inner self cannot be surrendered. No liberty with it, no attempt to compel his conscience, no slight to his honour, whether from his equals or his betters, should be tolerated. Kipling's story, "His Private Honour," gives the precise shade of the feeling. You can also see it in "Richard Feverel," when the old English farmer resolutely demands as his right an apology from the squire's son. How far removed from this proud and individualistic idea is the Hun conception of hierarchy the incidents of Zabern have taught us. Was it not in connection with these incidents that a member of the British Cabinet said: "In this country the honour of a lord is exactly on the same footing as that of a costermonger"?

To understand another element of German discipline one should read the comments of the Kaiser on the *Eid der Treue*—oath of faithfulness—which his conscripts swear together before their chaplains when they begin their military service. It is a total abdication into the hands of one's superiors, and on this abdication the Master has always insisted as on the essential principle of military service. "Recruits," he said (November 23rd, 1891), "you have sworn allegiance to me, you are too young to understand the meaning of the word. It is that, having become my soldiers, you have given yourselves to Me body and soul, you have now no enemy but one, My Enemy. It is possible that in these times of social agitation I may command you to fire on your own kin, brothers, fathers, mothers—may God spare us that! But if the order comes, know that it will be My order, and that it is to be carried out without a word. God and I, We have heard your oath of loyalty to your War Lord. Never forget the holiness of that oath, and keep to this Lord a faithfulness which was the pride of the ancient Germans."

"The War Lord," "God and I," "the ancient Germans"—how significant all these words, how characteristic of the ideas that run through the social and political structure of Germany! First of all, the romantic yearning for a legendary past in which the virtues of a divinely appointed race appear magnified (a constant theme of German poets and historians since 1813); the admiration for the times of the barbaric invasions which are supposed to have swept down upon the Roman world like a mighty tide from an Alpine glacier to cleanse it of its corruptions; for the feudal system, which the professors give as the peculiar, natural invention of their race (though similar organisations spontaneously developed in Japan, Hungary and Ireland).

Of this system the main principle is that of "homage"—the act by which a man gives himself to another man. In the Holy Roman Germanic Empire, of which the present Empire claims to be a resurrection—*Wiedergeburt*—another principle of feudalism was that the Emperor, like the Pope, is the immediate representative of God on earth: the Pope for spiritual and the Emperor for political government—that both are divinely inspired, and that on those two sacred pillars the world stands. In the Middle Ages we know how the Emperor tried to assume suzerainty over the Popes. In the new Empire the Catholics, as individuals, acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Pope; but between the nation, as a nation, and God there is only one intermediate—the Kaiser. By giving themselves "body and soul" to the Kaiser and becoming his followers wherever he is pleased to lead them—even to slaughter, rape and arson—his men link themselves with the god of the race—the national old god—of which he pretends to be the Moses. Theocracy is at the root of his autocracy. "In the heirloom which I received from my Grandfather," he said at Coblenz in 1897, "I found a sacred jewel: Kingship by divine right, with that awful responsibility to God alone, from which no Minister of State, no Chamber of Representatives, no will of the people can free the Sovereign." As M. Victor Bérard points out in his recent remarkable book, "L'Éternelle Allemagne," this theocratic conception, together with the primitive idea of the absolute power of the Suzerain over the souls as well as the bodies of his men, is expressed in very similar words in the earliest Carolingian "Capitularia," with this difference: that Charlemagne, whom the Germans consider as the first German Emperor, acknowledges that he cannot watch over the conduct of each of his subjects; whereas the present Kaiser said to his recruits (1893): "You have sworn the oath of faithfulness to me. Remember: My eye watches over everything."

Hence this curious definition of liberty: "Liberty of thought, liberty of worship, liberty of scientific research, these are the liberties which I want the German people to enjoy;

soldier knows that he is fighting. And all this composes the general and more or less subconscious conception of life, of duty, of the right social and political order, which underlies the mind of the German soldier at Verdun. A Swiss lady who lives in Paris showed me at the beginning of the war a letter which she had received through Switzerland from a German friend of hers who lives at Hamburg. Her correspondent wrote: "This is to us a war of religion." Other races have also been fanaticised by the idea that enslaves them: the Arabs fought with stupendous bravery for an order of things that did not provide much for individual liberty.

"Body and soul" they belong to their Kaiser. He knows what he can exact from them. At Dinant and Aerschot it was to open fire with machine-guns in the market place, before the shrieking women, on a crowd of men after wiring them in. At Verdun it is to march in continuous rows, line behind line, over the dead heaps of those that went before them against the fire that mows them down. On the part of the soldiers this may be called heroism. Our own men go more quietly to what they know is certain death; they are not carried on by the impetus of a solid human mass in which those who are behind push those who are in front without feeling the immediate risk. I will give two recent instances of the curious passivity, of the sheer spirit of obedience that often goes with German heroism, and by which men are changed into tools—wonderful tools to be used for good or for bad—and to be thrown wholesale into the furnace, if waste, as sometimes happens, pays—however so little.

In Champagne some of our aviators noticed behind the German line and at a safe distance from our guns strange activities of the enemy. They seemed to be fighting between themselves over a network of lines which in no way connected with the rest of their defence. Photographs were taken and revealed two distinct and elaborate systems of trenches. The puzzle was resolved when an officer suddenly perceived one of



VIEW AND PERSPECTIVE OF THE TOWN AND FORT OF VERDUN.

From an engraving by G. Silvestre, 1669.

but liberty for every man to misbehave according to his whims: No!" The last clause is eloquent. For what man is free whose acts depend, not on his conscience, but on that of another? In this way the Spanish Inquisition left every man free, except to misbelieve. "Einer nur ist Herr im Reiche, und das bin Ich, und keinen andern dulde Ich" (one alone is Lord in the Empire, and that am I, and I suffer no other), said the Kaiser in 1891. No other! No assembly of the people, no Parliament according to Anglo-Saxon or generally Western notions. A Reichstag may speak, it is a safety valve through which gas can escape: it does no real work. The State Ministers are not responsible to it. If it votes against the will of the Government the vote is powerless. This is one of the most characteristic features of the Constitution of the Empire—one may say, one of the most German. M. Bérard, quoting the great historian Fustel de Coulanges, shows that the assemblies of the early German tribes round their War Lord had no more real power. And to the superior merit of this arrangement, to which conquered nations will in time be submitted (at first, like Alsace-Lorraine, they will enjoy the blessings of pure military government), the German has been taught to believe. It is almost a proof that the renegade Houston Stewart Chamberlain writes to order, when in these same "War Essays"—we may say War Tracts—in which he imputes the responsibility of the war to the British and extols the love of the Germans for peace, he goes out of his way to attack not only Heine, one of the bugbears of the Kaiser, but also the English Parliamentary system, ascribing to its influence for evil the degradation of that branch of the Teutonic race to which every Englishman is supposed to belong—as if the whole Celtic population, women included, had been extirpated by the Saxon and Danish invaders.

All this may seem very far removed from the actual facts of the war; but against these ideas every French and English

the two systems to be an exact copy of a particularly strong French labyrinth, the other reproducing the German defence in front of it. In a war which puts a terrific strain on human energy, at a time when men are generally sent to the back only for a spell of rest, German soldiers had been set by their leaders to the stupendous extra task of digging two complete networks of trenches for the object of methodically rehearsing a possible attack. To those who know what such work means and the awful drudgery of it, the fact is amazing.

The second instance is, perhaps, more significant. An officer who had come on leave from his post in the neighbourhood of La Ferme Navarin was telling us the peculiar method which the Hun used to retake, two months ago, a certain length of that position. On both sides the usual rule for an attack is to cover for some hours with "Trommel Feuer" the line which you want to conquer, and when the moment for the rush comes to increase the range, in order to avoid killing your own people as they approach the enemy, thus creating at the same time a curtain fire which cuts off the position from possible reinforcements. As long as the "Trommel Feuer" is over them the assailed party remain buried in their holes, but as soon as the range is changed and they hear the shells bursting in their rear they know that the onslaught is coming and, leaping out of their dug-outs, begin to take aim with rifles and machine-guns. Well, what the Germans did in this particular attack was simply not to increase their range. They kept their troops—a very dense formation—under their own fire, so that our men did not know the rush was coming till the enemy was dropping hand grenades into their trench. For this success about a thousand Germans were killed by German guns.

Such methods may give an insight into the reasons of the continued tremendous attacks on Verdun. Probably the leaders have their doubts as to their ever entering that city, and surely they know that, should they take it, they would have gained no decisive advantage, that the French would fall back on prepared

stronger lines. But they know that their men are mere matter in their hands; they do not shrink from hurling them into the fire for the sake of keeping up the furnace, a furnace where both armies are melting—though not at the same rate. They know that time is against Germany, that she cannot afford to wait and simply defend the territories which she won at the first blow by the methods we know. Their last aim must be slaughter for the sake of slaughter—continuous and wholesale slaughter in which it does not matter to them if their men fall by hundreds of thousands, as long as the French fall by fifties of thousands. They reckon that they will feed and increase the furnace till the neutrals raise a cry of horror and try to intervene, or till

French sensibility and humanity at the back cannot stand any more the sight of French manhood gradually withering in that fire.

But France knows that if her will failed her she would be doomed. She knows from her previous experiences of her enemy that peace would be for him but breathing time till he felt strong enough for a new and probably stronger aggression—that if she stopped before the monster's teeth are broken, sooner or later it would mean death for her. She also knows that the odds are now against him, that at the game he is playing he cannot outlast the Allies. That knowledge steels the mother heart to the horror.

WOMEN WORKERS ON THE LAND IN A MONMOUTHSHIRE AREA

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

WHEN it became clear that the calling up of every available man under forty-one for national service would leave farmers with insufficient labour to carry on their business, the Board of Agriculture turned its attention to the employment of women on the land and efforts at a general organisation were made. Thus arose the Women's National Land Service Corps and the County Agricultural Committees for Women. One of the chief objects of the first appears to be to gather a large body of women prepared to take up farming work for their whole time and at a distance from their homes. The object of the latter is similar, but more local, each county looking after itself. The matter of suitable clothing and other needed supplies at wholesale prices is also within their domain.

But, so far as I can learn, these organisations are still in their infancy and, indeed, are not very actively called for, as what is most needed and can practically be effected is quite within the scope of most parishes or small areas to manage for themselves. What meets the more pressing requirements of farmers hereabouts is not so much a supply of permanent and extraneous workers, whose housing and dieting present difficulties, as occasional labour given by parishioners living in their own homes. In districts—such as many portions of Northumberland and parts of East Anglia—where field labour by women has never been abandoned farmers can arrange for it directly. But where, as about here, such form of labour is almost non-existent there needs some organisation to call into being the latent potentiality of the system. That has now been done for some of the farms near Chepstow, and good results are already accruing.

It began by Miss Clay of Piercefield, a practical agriculturist and successful breeder and trainer of hunters, getting together some of her neighbours to work as a group on her own and other farms in their parish of St. Arvans. That started before March ended. She then enquired whether the next parish of Mathern would not do the same. But there was no lady in the parish who had both leisure and experience to take the matter up. At that moment I was engaging lady gardeners, and Miss Thorne, who was among those who offered their services, had practical working knowledge of farm routine and some experience in organisation. While engaging her for the requirements of my own place I arranged that she should have time and opportunity to raise a local group of farm workers if it were called for. Before such group could begin to operate there were three preliminaries to get through, all calling for tact and perseverance.

1. Women had to be persuaded that it was right that they should be called upon to do such work, and that they could spare time and had aptitude for the purpose.

2. Farmers, who as a class abhor the unusual, had to be shown that scarcity of male labour was intensifying, and that the needs of the busy time of hay and harvest could only be met by accepting the work of women.

3. The details of time, place and method of employment and amount and manner of remuneration had to be discussed, accepted and systematised.

There were plenty of scoffers, but also many sympathisers. Of the former Miss Thorne took no heed, to the latter she devoted her attention with success. She started on the project on April 17th. On May 1st her group was at work. The parish of Mathern, with St. Pierre and Mounton, is essentially agricultural. The area is about 4,000 acres,

and there are seven or eight large and several small farms. But the population is small. On the other hand, Chepstow, which lies next to it, is essentially an urban and populous parish with only two farms within its limits. Miss Thorne's area of operations was to include this, and Chepstow provides a majority of her workers. In a fortnight she had received forty promises of help, a few for whole time, others only for odd hours, a fair number for three days a week. That was the time which she was herself able to spare to this branch of her activities, and which, I gather, can often be given by women, and is a good basis on which to start such a scheme. One farmer, so soon as he heard that the project was maturing, applied for the services of the group on the earliest day it could operate, and so during three days of the first week of May thirteen hands worked 178 hours at weeding a ten-acre field of autumn-sown wheat which was moderately foul with thistles and docks. The pay was fixed at 3d. per hour, and the total cost came to £2 4s. 6d., or 4s. 5½d. per acre.

Calls for help came rapidly in as soon as this practical demonstration was given that the scheme was perfectly feasible, and during the month five farms benefited thereby. In the third week two farms had to be visited simultaneously, and so sixteen hands worked on the one for three days, weeding a fourteen-acre cornfield in 236½ hours at a cost of 4s. 1½d. per acre, while six hands worked for two days at similar work on another farm at the same cost per acre.

Now the work is getting more varied, and during the last week of May included pulling docks out of a very forward ten-acre wheat field; thoroughly weeding five acres of corn and two of beans; planting three-quarters of an acre of potatoes.

Thus May has given useful practice and publicity in view of a larger sphere for June and the following months. Rye grass and clover are getting fit for cutting. Meadow grass, which the May rains should make a heavy crop, will follow, and at the same time cutting out and weeding will be needed in the root fields. Much of all this women can do, and in the absence of the greater part of the usual supply of male labour must do it if the work is to be rightly got through. There can be little doubt that, with the organisation formed and the start made, farmers in this area will pull through the difficult time right enough. Meanwhile, and until the pressure of farm work is fully upon us, several girls of the group who can give their whole time are being employed as assistants in gardens, the object being to get the garden work well on in order that such gardeners—old men and boys—as are left to us shall themselves be able to give a hand to the hay.

Two subsidiary but by no means unimportant points are worth noticing. The one is that the pay of 3d. an hour, although perhaps as much as the labour given is worth, yet is little compared to what women are getting in towns. Moreover, few of the women in the group are dependent for a living on such work. They are wives and daughters of well paid men, or are people with means of their own. The work, then, is not undertaken from personal necessity, but rather as a patriotic duty, and this should be fully recognised. The other point is that it brings together for a useful and national purpose women of various classes and aptitudes. There are ladies to whom manual labour is quite a new departure. There are town girls in different positions alike only in their complete ignorance of what goes on in the field. There are a few who have had experience of work on the land or who, as members of rural families,

know something about it. All work together cheerfully and effectively, the leaven of the few who know acting on the others and securing a satisfactory result to the work—so far, of course, of a simple nature—that has been undertaken. This surely is a system which can be widely adopted and successfully worked. Anyhow, here it promises well, and three months hence, perhaps, a record of useful accomplishment may be given.

SMALL HOLDING COLONIES

VIEWS OF WELL KNOWN PEERS.

THE judgment of the House of Lords on any question relating to land is always of excellent value—on that question theirs is a House of experts. It is worth while, therefore, to consider briefly the Second Reading debate on Lord Selborne's Small Holding Colonies Bill. No division was challenged, but the speeches revealed a somewhat general scepticism of the scheme's chances of financial success.

That is the more important because Lord Selborne was careful not to recommend the measure on the ground that it would settle on the land after the war a few hundred of the soldiers whom everyone is anxious to help. Such settlement is a most desirable object in itself, and the Bill clearly received support on that very ground which otherwise might have been refused. Moreover, more than one speaker—for example, Lord Lovat and Lord Strachie—criticised the Bill on account of the narrowness of its scope and urged the Government to co-operate with the Dominions and frame a land settlement scheme for soldiers on a worthy scale. Lord Grey—the Bill's strongest and most enthusiastic supporter—spoke of it in this respect as "miserably inadequate." So it is doubly important to note that the specific grounds on which Lord Selborne recommended it to Parliament had no reference to the soldiers and the universal desire to help them. He invited the peers to give it a Second Reading as a valuable experiment, which would show whether a Small Holding Colony could be made to pay its way. If it can, it will certainly be the precursor of many others. He expressly repudiated the idea that there was any philanthropy in the Bill. It was, he insisted, a business proposition.

But it was precisely as a business proposition that the scheme was most severely condemned. Lord Sheffield, speaking from the rigid standpoint of an individualistic Liberal, said bluntly that no sane person would put his money into such a venture. "Do not let the Government coax us," he said, "with a principle that is bad." He prophesied certain failure—the returns could not stand the heavy expenses. He "shocked" Lord Lansdowne by saying that ex-soldiers who were ambitious to get on had much better accept the free offers of land made by Queensland and other Colonies. That was judging from the purely business standpoint with a vengeance, and Lord Lansdowne reminded Lord Sheffield that even agricultural labourers might have a strong love of their native land and would sooner do a little less well in England than enjoy greater prosperity at the distant ends of the earth.

Lord Harris thoroughly approved the principle of the Bill, but he, too, could not see how the scheme was to be made to pay. He estimated the cost of 6,000 acres of land (at £30 an acre), the erection of 300 houses (at £200 each) for the small holders, the cost of fencing, stock and working capital at a total of £500,000, and he reckoned that the small holder would have to earn 25 per cent. on his capital to make as much as the wages of an agricultural labourer. Then there was the cost of the big central farm—which is an integral part of the scheme—and all the administrative expenses to be considered, and with the best will in the world, Lord Harris could not see how the colony was going to pay. Lord Selborne's answer to this was that Lord Harris had put the total outlay too high, and Lord Lucas's generosity in placing one of his estates at the disposal of the Board of Agriculture to the purpose may greatly reduce the cost of the initial experimental colony. But Lord Selborne candidly agreed that the economic success of the scheme must depend on its management.

Lord Lansdowne and Lord Northbrook were careful to add other necessary conditions of success. The land must be really good land—it is no use starting a colony on poor or indifferent land—it must be accessible to a good market, and, above all, the small holders selected must be the right type of men. It is proposed to choose the 300 small holders for the experimental colony with the very greatest care, and applicants will have to be approved by the manager of the central farm, after a period of probation, beside being approved by the Board of Agriculture. But the right sort of men are certainly not to be picked up indiscriminately, even from among those who are used to the land.

Lord Galway, keenly conscious of the shortage of agricultural labourers throughout the country, thought the best thing would be to get the men back to the farms where they had been previously employed, and he quoted the experience of his own district that men will not take small holdings except in the neighbourhood of the places where they live.

If the enthusiasts for the Bill were few, they at least counted Lord Grey among their number. "I welcome the Bill with both arms," he declared. Then he added the reason—"because of its co-operative character." There lies, in his view and in that of many others, the crux of the whole matter after all the other safeguards have been seen to, viz., the good land, the near market, the right men and the sound management. There must be co-operation both in buying and selling. Lord Strachie's best point was to insist that co-operation must be a compulsory rule of the colony. That is largely the secret of Danish success. "Why," asked Lord Grey, "is there not a single successful land settlement in England?" It is because they have all been founded and run on individualistic lines." Lord Grey spoke with warmth. "We must increase the production of the soil," he said. During his speech he threw out an *obiter dictum* which made some of his hearers start. "We ought," he said, "to penalise landowners if they keep bad tenants, who do not get out of the soil all they ought to get."

The guiding principles of the experiment are certainly sound. Opinion is unanimous that if small holdings are to be successful they must be concentrated in groups and they must be worked on the co-operative system. Their value to the country will be incalculable from every conceivable point of view, if only they can justify themselves as a business proposition.

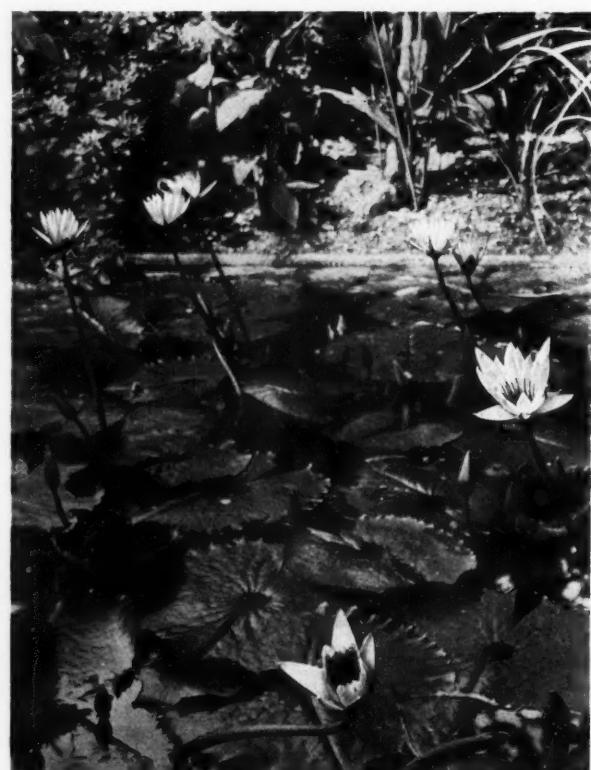
It was stated in the course of the debate that Captain Charles Bathurst, M.P., and Mr. Rowland Prothero had offered their services to the Board of Agriculture in connection with the project and that Lord Selborne had gladly accepted them. The association of two such well known agricultural experts with the scheme is an earnest that nothing will be left undone to make it a success.

F.

IN THE GARDEN

A BLUE WATER LILY.

THE blue form of *Nymphaea stellata*, known as the Berlin variety, is beyond doubt one of the most exquisite Water Lilies in cultivation. The clear sky blue flowers are seen to advantage as they rise on slender stems at least 18in. above the surface of the water. It has one fault only, namely, that it is not hardy, and in this respect it just misses being an indispensable subject for English gardens. In the gardens at Gunnersbury House it has for some years been successfully grown in a little sheltered pool where the temperature of the water is kept about 65deg. Fahr. by means of hot water pipes placed low in the water. From Gunnersbury this blue *Nymphaea* has been sent to Wisley, where each summer the plants may be seen flowering with great freedom in an open tank. It was in late April that the plants were first taken to Wisley, and within four days from the time of planting the first flowers made their appearance. Since then there has been a constant succession of flowers through each succeeding summer until the end of September. The *Nymphaeas*



THE BLUE FORM OF *NYMPHAEA STELLATA*.

are planted between bricks in a mixture of sand, leaf-mould and loam. The tank, which is protected from the north and northeast, has been specially made to accommodate the Blue Water Lily. It contains about four feet of water and is supplied with hot water pipes, although no heat is applied in the warm summer weather. It is thought that so long as the ice is kept away in winter that the plants will come to no harm. Although in a sheltered position, the plants receive full benefit from the sun. This is as it should be, for an excess of shade is prejudicial to all Water Lilies, while the flowers always look their best when the sun shines upon them. Still water is also advisable, for Water Lilies always thrive more satisfactorily in quiet water than in running streams.

Another blue Water Lily worthy of special note is referred to by Mr. E. H. Woodall in a recent letter to the writer from the Riviera. "In an old fashioned Italian garden there is a raised semicircular water basin and tiny fountain against a retaining wall that enchanted me so thoroughly the other day that I will try to put it on paper. The semicircular basin set in the wall is filled with the blue *Nymphaea scutum*, which is now in full flower." The eye becomes so fatigued by enormous masses of pink Ivy-leaved Geranium that hang from the balustrade of every Southern garden that the restful blue of the Water Lilies is most welcome. C.

A LIQUID MANURE TANK

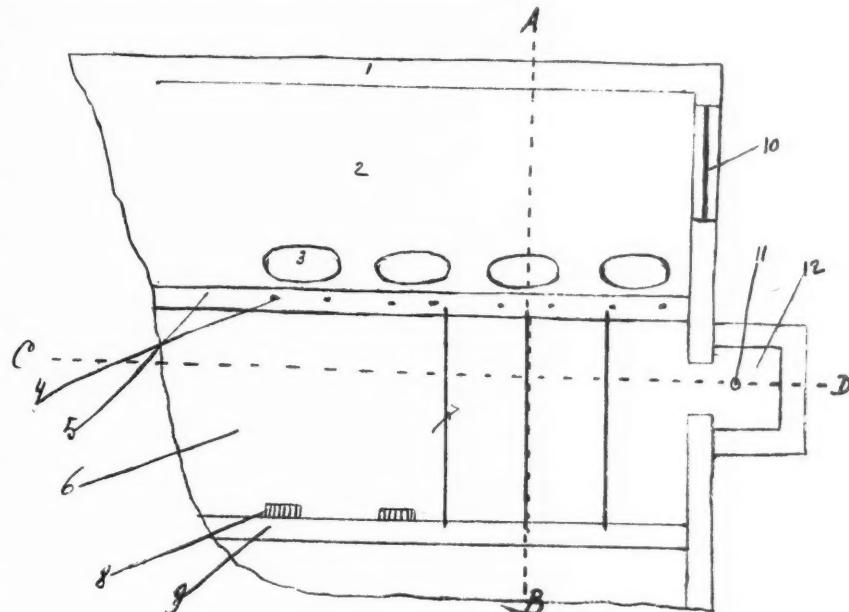
HERE are different ways to make a liquid manure tank, and I purpose writing at greater length on the subject very shortly. Conditions to realise : economy and convenience. Make the liquid drain into the tank immediately after emission and as directly as possible, so as to need less litter and to prevent any loss. The most economical and practical way of making the tank is to place it just under the place where the cattle stand. At the same time it provides the cattle with a good standing place. Part of the front wall exists. The unnecessary handling of liquid is avoided, it being carried away mechanically. The bad practice of having the tank built above the ground, which means handling the liquid, is avoided. There is no need to build it higher than the liquid flows. (This often happens in inexpert practice.) Make the tank about 32in. deep—this is quite enough—running the whole length of the cattle shed, and make the standing place above it about 2yd. wide.

Use small gratings, 6in. by 6in., behind the cattle. Build a wall of brick behind the cattle, with cement. The whole of the tank is cemented inside. The underfloor is made of concrete or bricks; the upper floor of bricks and small beams or reinforced concrete. There must be a slight slope from the front wall to the back wall—no gutter is needed, as shown in the design. The underfloor has a slight slope also and leads the whole of the liquid to a square hole outside the shed, which is provided with a pump fixed against the wall of the shed.

Make a square pit of about 24in. sides and about 4in. deeper than the tank, outside the shed, over which a pump is placed. This pump raises about 100 gallons to the minute and fills the "kist" very quickly; it is also used for spraying the manure. The "kist" is a tank which fits the

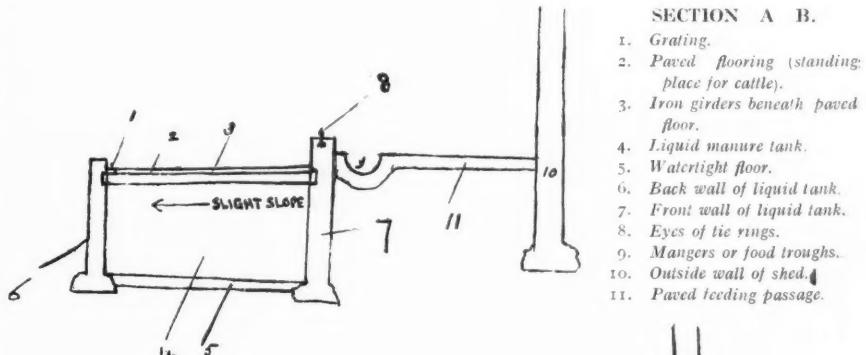
inside of the ordinary cart on which it is placed when in use for cartage. It is made of an oak skeleton and deal planks. It generally contains from six to ten hectolitres. An opening is made at the back of the upper part, through which the liquid is pumped direct. The back is also provided with a spray of very simple construction.

Use liquid manure on the winter wheat, on grassland, on roots, on catch crops, such as carrots and turnips. Sometimes on grasslands for the aftermath after the first cut. H. VENDELMANS.



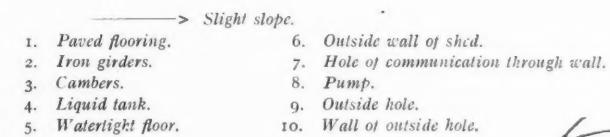
GROUND PLAN OF TANK.

1. Outside wall of shed.	7. Iron girders.
2. Paved feeding passage.	8. Grating.
3. Mangers or food troughs.	9. Back wall of liquid tank.
4. Eyes of tie rings.	10. Door.
5. Front wall of liquid tank.	11. Pump.
6. Paved flooring (standing place for cattle).	12. Outside hole.

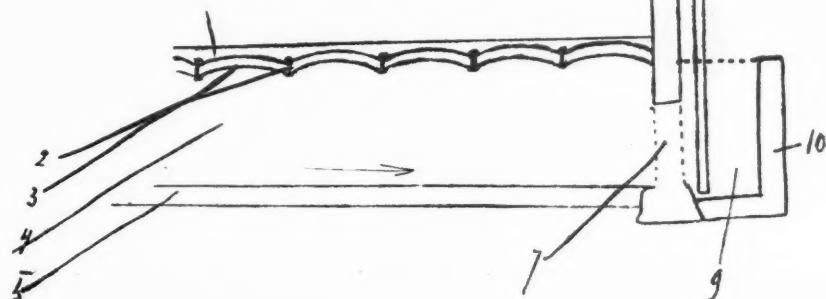


SECTION A-B.

1. Grating.
2. Paved flooring (standing place for cattle).
3. Iron girders beneath paved floor.
4. Liquid manure tank.
5. Watertight floor.
6. Back wall of liquid tank.
7. Front wall of liquid tank.
8. Eyes of tie rings.
9. Mangers or food troughs.
10. Outside wall of shed.
11. Paved feeding passage.



SECTION C-D.



“THE BRITISH FIRING LINE”

A SENSE of sorrow at the fearful spectacle that man has made of his Mother Earth comes over us as we survey the record. Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Handley-Read, Machine-Gun Corps, late Artists' Rifles, has pictured for us of the “dead land” that lies between the British and the German lines. Why should her sons have wrought her such appalling desolation, such ruin bitter and complete? Her bowels are rent with their thunder, her lineaments torn with an inferno of scars, her fair features seamed with fire and tortured with barbed wire. Yet amid all these fearful scenes man, the *diabolus ex machina*, hardly makes his appearance at all.

Carrying on his operations for the most part underground, even the soldier sees little in extent of the ruin he himself has made; but what he does see is a vision of a valley of bones not yet dry, an abomination of desolation, a setting for the seventh circle of Dante's Hell, a Golgotha of a million skulls. This is what Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Handley-Read shows us in a series of water-colours at the Leicester Galleries, entitled “The British Firing Line.” As the artist explains in his foreword, this is a war being conducted in secret. Nations in arms are boring their way towards one another like earthworms, and plans to be successful have to be executed by surprise. Hence the reason why these pictures show so little of the human element. War is being carried on for weeks on end without so much as a human head showing above ground. Thus the artist has given us the truthful aspect of modern warfare, and we feel that everything he has touched here bears the impress of sincerity and honesty of purpose.

In the main these pictures are shrouded in so gloomy an atmosphere that one feels tempted to ask if the sun ever shines at all upon these scenes of desolation and waste. Yet this very gloom carries with it an appropriateness so entirely in harmony with the theme that it seems almost inevitable. It is a curious reflection that the artist himself, known personally to the writer of these notes for very many years, happens to be of a peculiarly light-hearted and happy disposition.

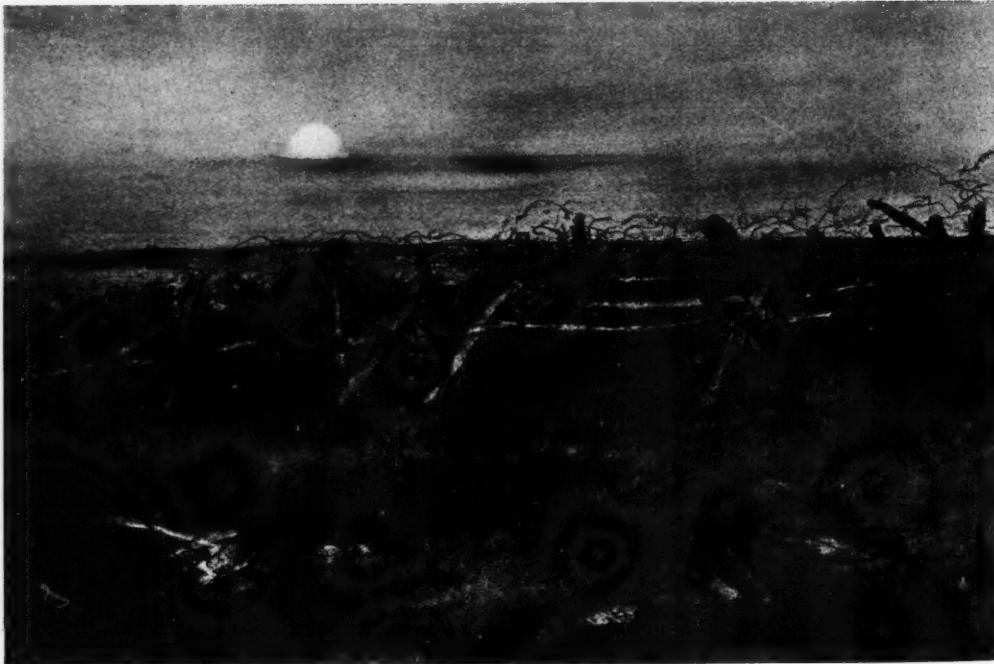
Some of these pictures convey a sense of absolute stillness

as though after an intense bombardment destruction could go no further; in others we can almost hear the terrific roar of artillery, the shattering noise of explosions and eruptions, of mine and countermine, the beating hail of lead, the incessant screech of rifle bullets kept up like the tyrannic wail of violins in some infernal orchestra, and the crackling of cities in flames.

The material of those sketches is so impressive, so stimulating to the imagination that the artistic treatment must be necessarily of secondary interest, though that is to pay a high tribute to its adequacy. Many of them are handled with real artistic feeling and beauty. “Knife rests” (the front of a trench at Loos) reveals nothing more than the bald theme of a strip of barbed wire entanglement in a green-grey twilight, irradiated dimly by the rays of a pale yellow moon, hardly risen. Its colour is sinister, recalling that of some opalescent and beautiful but poisonous gases.



THE ROAD TO LOOS.



“KNIFE RESTS.”

As an instance of the artist's intuition and knowledge of the fact that the mind will invariably fix upon and give almost undue importance to some trifle in the tensest moments, there are several pictures shown in which the most striking and conspicuous feature is merely the broken and blackened stump of a tree. Among these are "The Lone Tree of Loos," "Hill 60," in which we see the edge of the horizon bitten into jagged craters by the exploding mines; and again, "Hill 61 in Rain-storm." In this picture, expressive of intense dreariness, the black and solitary tree stem is shaped almost like a gibbet, and the only other features amid a torrent of drenching rain are some broken pieces of corrugated iron.

"Crumpers" (big shells) has qualities of rather delicate colour in a subdued key, and "Sanctuary Wood," a picture of the same class, is a beautiful blue grey drawing, full of atmosphere. Very pathetic is "The Broken Pole," a relic of the peaceful sports of the villagers of Cuinchy before the war.

There are several versions of the Cathedral and Cloth Hall of Ypres, majestic still and beautiful even in their ruin. One of them, in a broadly treated impression, depicts the Cathedral's mutilated tower rising like a beautiful ghost from the mysterious shadows of its shattered crown. Nothing could be more sad. A strange incident has been recorded by the artist in the picture

"Albert sur Somme." It is the golden virgin of the church of Notre Dame de Ste. Brebières hanging in mid-air from the top of the tower and supported only by its iron armature. A sorrowful picture is "Harvest," in which the moon rises over a stricken field strewn with corpses; to the right is an avenue of the tall trees characteristic of Northern France, and a couple of haystacks. "Ypres Railway Cutting," with its partially swamped gutters, is a fine piece of perspective drawing. It shows the renowned "dump" continuously swept by German shell fire. In the same category of fine and expressive drawing is "Albert sur Somme," the residential quarter, most realistic in treatment. The place is in ruins after bombardment, and one



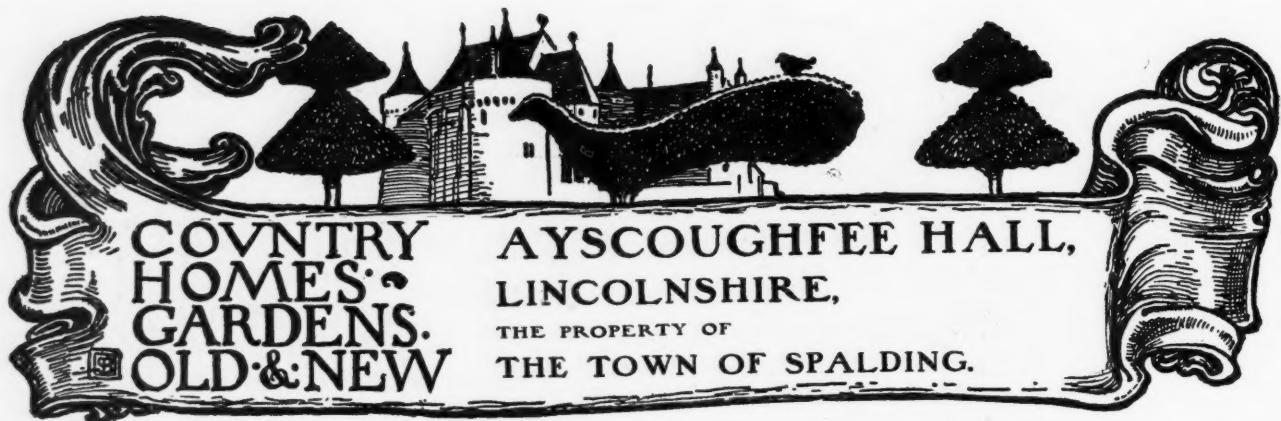
NEAR HILL 60.

can almost hear the crackling of flames and smell the acrid smoke. "Killing Germans" is the succinct title of a busy, shirt-sleeved machine gunner at work behind his sandbag redoubt. In "Chocolat Menier Corner" the artist has depicted a spot in the Rue du Bois, near Neuve Chapelle, continuously under heavy fire. A prominent object is the blue advertisement with white letters, familiar all over France. "The Watched Pot"—600yd. from the German trenches—is one of the very few figure subjects exhibited. Some impatient soldiers are awaiting the cooking of their supper. They are probably also wondering if they will ever get it, and if so, whether it will prove to be their last.

H. G. F.



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."



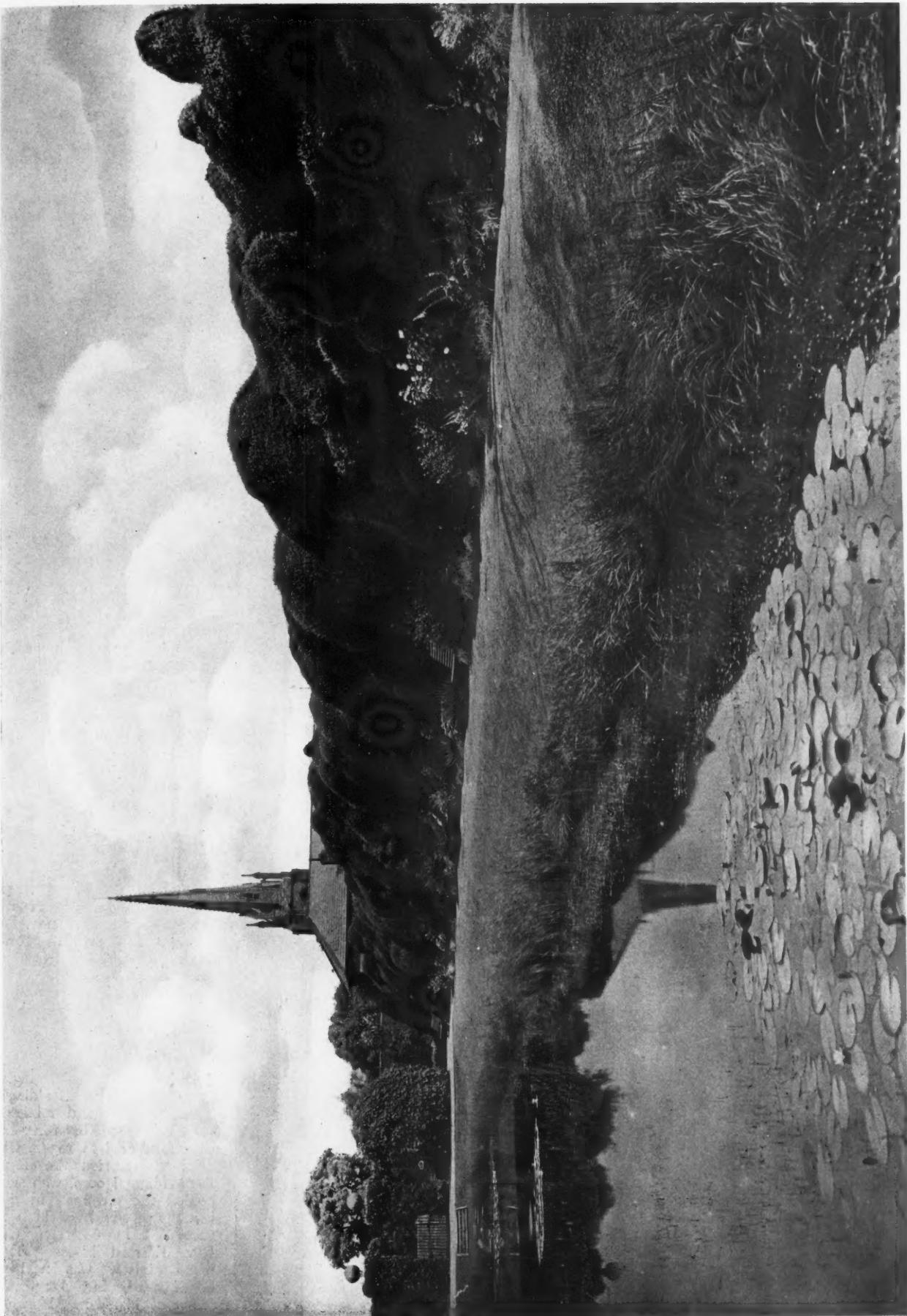
COUNTRY
HOMES &
GARDENS.
OLD & NEW

AYSCOUGHFEE HALL,
LINCOLNSHIRE,
THE PROPERTY OF
THE TOWN OF SPALDING.

Maurice Johnson the antiquary would see many changes in Ayscoughfee were he to revisit his old home. The house was purchased a few years ago by the municipality of Spalding as a Jubilee memorial, and is now a museum: the garden is kept in reasonably good order as a pleasure ground for the townspeople. No doubt there remain some fragments of walls which date back to about 1420, when Sir Richard Aldwin, whose son, Sir Nicholas, was Lord Mayor of London in 1509, first built the Hall now called Ayscoughfee. The estate was subsequently held by a Lincolnshire family, called Ayscough, another form of Askew. The name of the place denotes that the estate was granted to some knight of the Ayscough family by way of knight's fee. In 1619 the Hall belonged to Bevil Wimberley, but by the middle of the seventeenth century the estate had passed to the Johnsons of Pinchbeck, a branch of those Johnsons of Rutland who founded Uppingham School. In 1683 Francis Johnson was in possession, and his heiress, Jane, married Maurice Johnson, the father of Maurice the antiquary. The antiquary, born in 1688, was a barrister by profession

and died in 1755. It does not appear that he was very strenuous in his pursuit of the law, but his reputation as an archaeologist was justly great. The Society of Antiquaries had a brilliant career under Queen Elizabeth, but James I suppressed it in the belief that it concerned itself with politics as well as archaeology. When it was re-founded in January, 1717-18, Maurice Johnson was among the twenty-three men whose names appear in the earliest list of Fellows. This re-founding, however, did not represent the true resurrection of the Elizabethan Society, which took place under the auspices of Talman, Warley and Bagford about ten years earlier. Their enterprise, however, forms a longer story which was lately communicated to the Society of Antiquaries and will be printed in its "Proceedings." Maurice Johnson was also the first honorary librarian of the Society. Perhaps his greatest claim to fame, however, was his foundation of the Spalding Society of Gentlemen, the forerunner of the scores of local societies which have done so much for the furtherance of archaeology in England. He gathered to his banner many of the distinguished men who belonged to the parent body in London, and the two





THE CHURCH FROM THE POOL GARDEN.

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AN ANCIENT AVENUE OF GREAT YEWS.

COUNTRY LIFE.

societies continued in close communication until Maurice Johnson's death. Among his intimates was George Vertue, the famous engraver, whose miniature of the antiquary of Spalding is now reproduced. Engraved on the back of the frame is a charming Latin inscription which sets out that this portrait, given by Vertue to Johnson as a token of friendship, became a token of love when Johnson gave it in turn to his wife—*pignus amicitiae accepit, amoris dedit*. It remains in the possession of Colonel Marsden, who is one of Johnson's descendants. Vertue also engraved for the Spalding Society a characteristic device, the design for which was sketched by Johnson himself: it is now reproduced, and must be regarded as a very pretty piece of eighteenth century emblematic fancy.

After Maurice's death the Spalding Society languished, and it appears that by 1782 the controlling spirits of the Society of Antiquaries of London were not even aware of its existence. In the nineteenth century, however, it revived, and not many years ago was vigorous enough to build itself a new, but not very beautiful, home at Spalding, where Johnson's original Minutes are preserved with other relics of its ancient greatness. Many other local societies, formed about the same period and with the same intent, perished altogether when the enthusiasts who were concerned with their founding grew old and found no worthy successors.

Maurice was succeeded at Ayscoughfee Hall by his elder son, also Maurice, a colonel in the Grenadier Guards, who fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy. A younger brother, the Rev. John Johnson, by becoming minister of Spalding, began the ecclesiastical connection of the family with the town which can have few parallels in hereditary ministry. His nephew, the Rev. Maurice Johnson, son of the Dettingen guardsman, was Spalding's leading citizen and minister for the space of forty-six years, and died in 1834. His daughter married the Rev. Dr. William Moore, who succeeded the old man in the incumbency, and was in turn succeeded by his son, the Rev. Edward Moore. The next minister was nephew of Edward, but bore the name of Marsden. Most of these men followed their distinguished forebear in writing F.S.A. after their name, and Mr. Everard Green, the present Somerset Herald, is directly descended from



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LOOKING SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WEST SIDE OF POOL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[June 10th, 1916.]



THE SPALDING SOCIETY'S DEVICE.

Maurice Johnson. Ayscoughfee Hall may, therefore, be regarded as a notable seedplot of antiquaries.

Adjoining the Church and the Hall is a physic garden, which it is reasonable to attribute to Maurice Johnson the

antiquary, because he was a friend of Sir Hans Sloane, who with Samuel Wesley and others was a member of the Spalding Society. It was probably the antiquary's father who laid out the spacious garden which looms so largely in our pictures and retains intact its most notable ancient features. The fish pond is fed with water from the river Welland, and the yew hedges have attained colossal growth.

There is a local legend that the lead statues were dug up from the bed of the Thames, but this may safely be discredited. They are pleasant examples of garden leadwork of about 1730, and replicas are to be found in other gardens of the period. The girl with the shield is a good specimen of the Amazon as the eighteenth century understood that warlike breed, and lacks the more languishing charm of the military girl who simpers in lead at Nun Monkton. There is also a Diana after a more authentic classical model. This statue seems to have been first seen in England during the eighteenth century. The original of it is said to be at the Vatican, and from there a copy was obtained for Versailles. When Earl Gower, the ancestor of the Dukes of Sutherland, was our ambassador at the French Court he had a replica made, which was at Trentham until its formal gardens were dismantled and the statues dispersed. It does not appear whence came the replica at Ayscoughfee. At the northern end of the long pool is a kneeling figure bearing a sundial. It provides an admirable focal point in the long vista given by the pool framed by its turfed border backed by the noble, if rather shapeless, yew hedges.



VERTUE'S MINIATURE OF MAURICE JOHNSON.

The prospect looking southwards is nobly closed by the tall spire of Spalding Church, which, indeed, brings its graceful dominance into many views of this enchanting old garden. The Rev. Maurice Johnson, who succeeded Colonel Maurice in 1793, employed his first year of ownership in cutting out the stone mullions and inserting painted sash windows in the Gothic manner of Horace Walpole. Some time after 1840 an attempt was made to restore the Tudor features of the house, which in



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FOXGLOVE AND YEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

A ROMAN SOLDIER.

"C.L."

consequence now possesses little character of any kind. It is all to the good, however, that the most notable house and garden in Spalding should serve the pleasure of the townspeople, as it is no longer in the hands of the family which held it for so many generations. Too often it happens that such a place falls into the unmerciful hands of the speculating builder and disappears with its traditions into limbo. Before us is an age of memorials which will doubtless in many cases take the form of homes for our gallant men "broke in the wars." It will be well if houses like Ayscoughfee Hall are employed in such honourable use, and if their ancient amenities are faithfully maintained.

It must be confessed that Ayscoughfee Hall has taken on an air of faint neglect during its municipal ownership. It is probable that the great yew hedges bordering the long pool began to be neglected somewhat, and to be cut in their present rather shapeless manner before the Hall came into the townsmen's hands. They show a very imperfect understanding of the topiary art, for they present neither the formal outlines of hedges restrained regularly within defined shapes nor the natural beauty of yews allowed to develop freely, untouched by shears and pruning knife. Probably they have gone too far in their present shape to make it feasible to restore to them the forms they doubtless took in the eighteenth century, but they are a warning against the loose application of topiary principles. The old avenue, now illustrated, is an admirable example of the beauty of

yews in their rarer employment as walls to a green walk, and their unrestrained development has produced an effect not only of great age but of notable dignity. After the war it is likely that great houses and their gardens will tend to be less in private hands. It may be hoped that when a historic place comes to be administered by public authorities or by trustees they will remember that they have also a duty to maintain unimpaired our heritage of architectural glory.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



Copyright.

AN AMAZON IN LEAD.

"C.L."

AVALLON & THE FRENCH PORTALS

BY SIR THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, BART., R.A.

THE transitional and Early Gothic architecture of Burgundy stands midway between the early pointed work of the Ile de France and the Romanesque style that still held its own in Provence and the southern and western parts of the country. Between 1160 and 1180 the Cathedral of Sens, the choir of Notre Dame and that of St. Germain des Prés at Paris had been finished; and before the end of the century we find the south transept of Soissons and the nave of Notre Dame at Paris completed in a thoroughly developed pointed style, and the nave of Chartres begun. Bourges, Coutances, Reims and the nave of Rouen Cathedral were begun at the opening of the next century, and well advanced before it was half over. In the

1160 and 1180 the Cathedral of Sens, the choir of Notre Dame and that of St. Germain des Prés at Paris had been finished; and before the end of the century we find the south transept of Soissons and the nave of Notre Dame at Paris completed in a thoroughly developed pointed style, and the nave of Chartres begun. Bourges, Coutances, Reims and the nave of Rouen Cathedral were begun at the opening of the next century, and well advanced before it was half over. In the

In the South of France, on the contrary, Gothic was never cordially accepted, and Romanesque still flourished. The architecture of Provence was influenced by the examples of Roman work in which that district abounded, an influence which was not lost throughout the Middle Ages. In Auvergne, Limousin

and Perigord the domed churches of Solignac, Le Puy, Périgueux, Cahors, Angoulême and the rest as far as Loches and Poitiers betray the influence of Byzantine tradition, following the line of trade from the Levant, though filtered through a French medium.

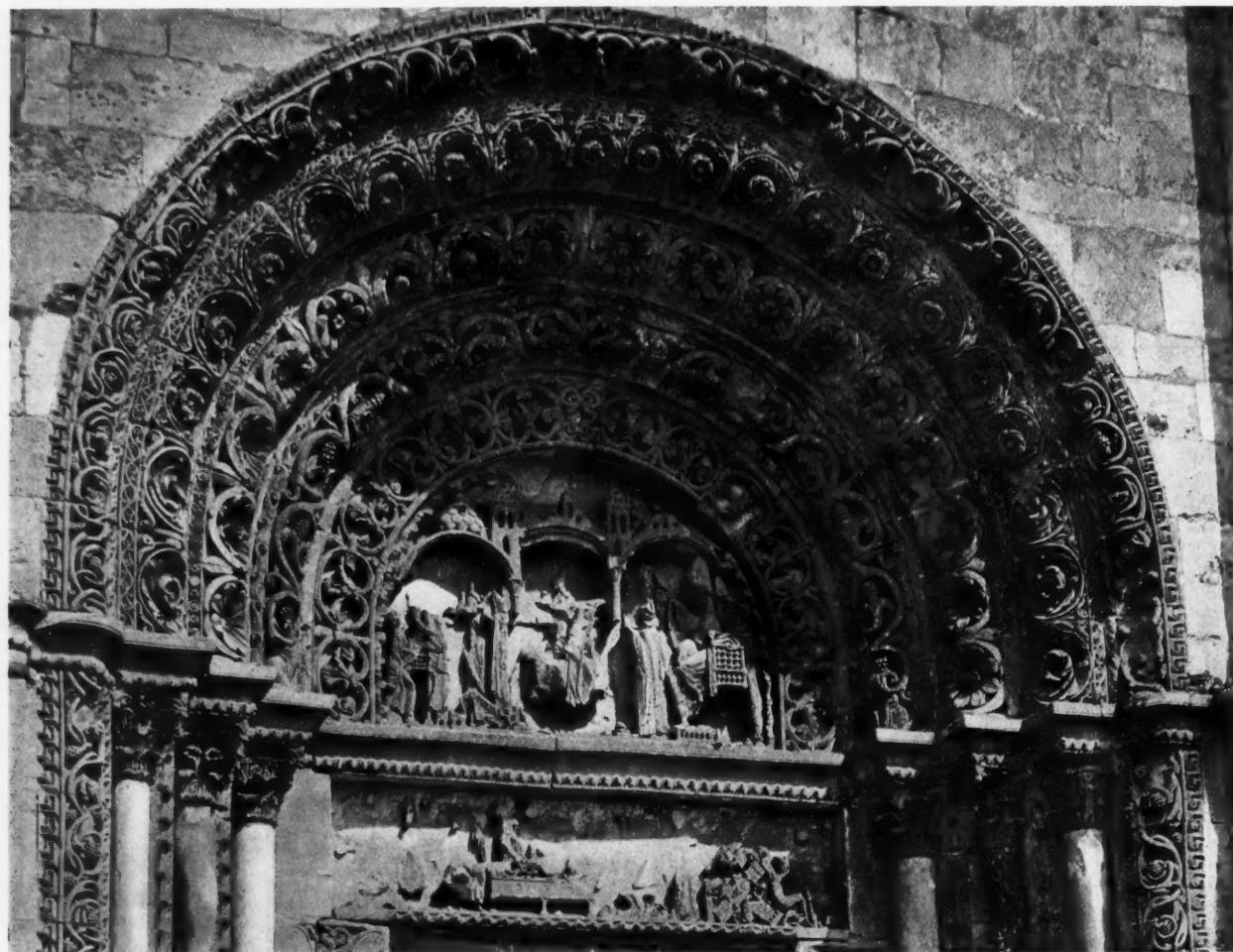


1.—ROMANESQUE CAPITAL.

Royal domain Gothic architecture had won its way, and the age of transition was past.



2.—CLASSIC FOLIAGE.

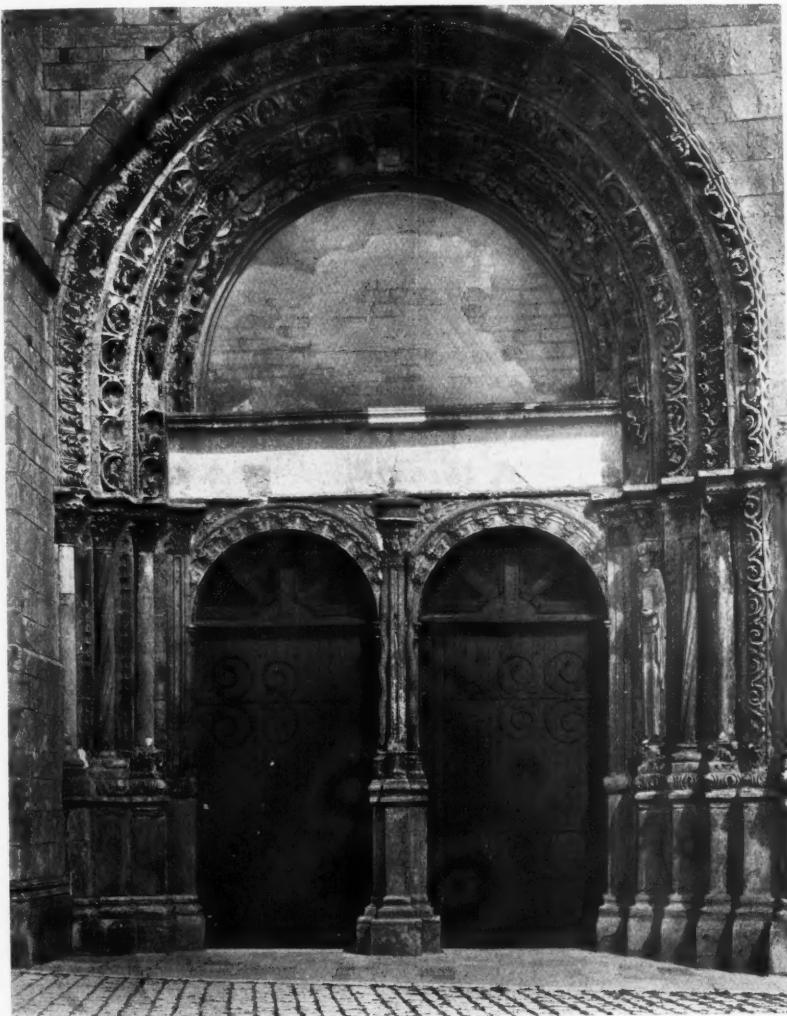


3.—AVALLON: TYMPANUM OF SIDE ARCH.

The characteristics of both northern and southern schools appear in the transitional work of Burgundy. While it aspires to progress with that of the North, it clings with affection to the classic traditions of the South. The pointed arch appears as an element of construction in the narthex



4.—THE WEST PORTALS.



5.—THE LARGER ARCH.

of Vézelay at the same moment as it does in Suger's work at St. Denis. At Vézelay, too, we have, perhaps, the first attempt to cover a nave with a cross vault instead of the barrel vaults of Arles and Valence. In these particulars Burgundy shows itself in the van of progress. On the other

hand, the influence of Roman work betrays itself in the details. We see it in the capitals of the Chapter House at Vézelay, where we have the Corinthian tiers of leaves, volutes and hollow abacus, and we detect it in the fluted piers of the vestibule. These date from about 1150, but even later than this Roman tradition shows itself in the Gothic choir built between 1198 and 1206, where the great columns of the apse are monoliths tapered in the classic fashion; while in the triforium, among ordinary colonnettes, there are square shafts with classic fluting. At Autun, which is rather later than the nave at Vézelay, the vault is carried by flat pilasters fluted from top to bottom. Similar fluted pilasters carry the nave arches, and even the triforium has little pilasters fluted to divide the arcading, while the great piers have regular Attic bases.

The fine church of St. Lazare at Avallon is one of the gems of Burgundian Romanesque. It is in plan a basilica, with nave and side aisles each ending in an apse, and there is no transept. The apses are semi-domed, and the vaults have plain, flat, transverse arches, and are cross-groined without diagonal ribs. There is a clerestory of plain single lights. The nave arches are pointed, and have capitals of admirable design, very little removed from the Roman type (Figs. 1 and 2), of which they retain the volutes, the two tiers of leaves, the hollow Corinthian abacus and the rosette. They have the additional super-abacus of Romanesque origin, beautifully carved with foliage of a classic type, which in some cases is repeated on the necking. The sculptor has contrived to vary his capitals considerably, though keeping within the same limits. There is no trace of Byzantine feeling in the foliage, which is all of the Roman type.

The church, being built on a hill sloping eastward has the peculiarity of a floor which descends from west to east, so that the chancel is the lowest part instead of the highest as usual. The effect is by no means bad, and this plan might very sensibly be adopted in modern churches when the same awkwardness occurs in the site.

The west portals (Fig. 4) are very splendid, full of foliage, exquisitely designed and sculptured, not without fanciful quaintness. Some of the shafts are smooth spiral columns like those in the portal of St. Lorenzo at Genoa; others are worked like chain armour, not a very laudable device, for they look as if they ought to collapse; and some are simply fluted spirally (Figs. 6 and 7). In one case the shaft is replaced by a figure, attenuated and drawn out to columnar proportions like those in the Royal Portals at Chartres. An exquisite little row of classical leaves runs up between the shafts. Only the nave and south aisle have portals, the last bay of the north aisle being occupied by the tower which affords an entrance porch to the church. The central portal, corresponding to the nave, is divided in two by a pier which now carries two sub-arches of Renaissance work. The tympanum above has lost its sculpture. The lesser portal, corresponding with the south aisle, has a figure subject in the lintel, and another under a triple niche in the tympanum, but these sculptures are in such a sad state of mutilation that their meaning cannot be recognised (Fig. 3).

The arches are very much stilted and consist of three receding orders, each with its supporting colonnette, and the middle arch has, in addition, a projecting label, which is continued down the jamb. A further ring of sculpture is worked on the tympanum. All the orders and the label

are richly carved, but are not all of equal merit. The outer ring of the middle arch has expanded leaves of the Roman acanthus, flat and open and radiating from the centre, and these have a grand effect. The inner band of ornament bears little flying angels circling round the tympanum; next comes a ring with little figures in medallions, much damaged, probably representing the arts and various seasonable occupations. On other orders are scrolls of rather a heavy, ropy kind, which are not happy, and one order of rather coarsely designed rosettes seems out of scale with the rest. Round the side arch is a band of the guilloche, or Greek fret, carved in perspective, like one at St. Gilles in Provence.

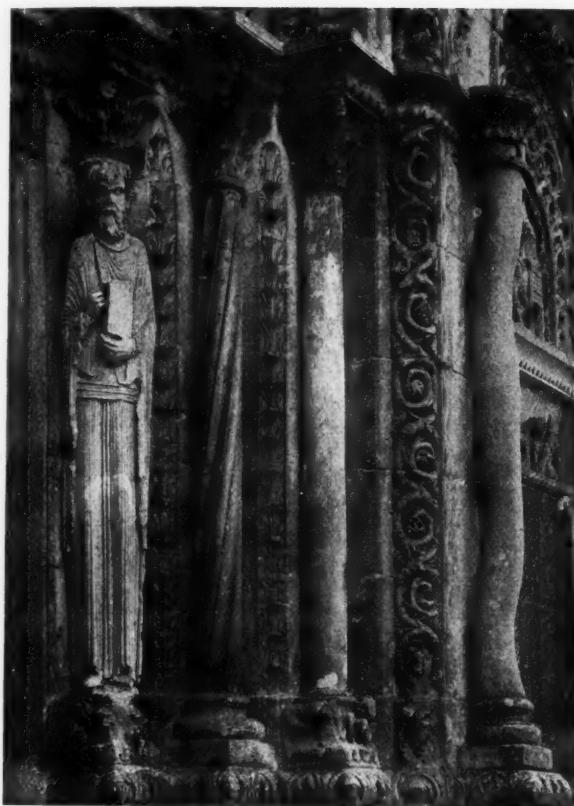
These fine portals, with their receding rings of arches, are an early example of the kind that found its full development at Paris, Chartres, Reims and Amiens. The clue to understand all these elaborate and at first sight confusing compositions, which to the unlearned seem merely gorgeous conceptions of the artist's brain, is to be found in the constructive system by subordination of *orders*, or in other words of *rings* in the arch, retired within and behind one another. By these successive rings or orders the men of the Romanesque Renaissance succeeded in carrying thick walls on arches consisting of small stones that could be lifted easily without much tackle. The Romans would have used huge stones that reached right through the wall in a single course or ring, but this was far beyond the humble powers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The new system was the child of poverty and want of appliances. But no sooner was it



6.—GROUP OF SHAFTS.

perfected than the builders, being born artists, seized upon it as an artistic motive. They were fascinated by the concentric shadows thrown by ring upon ring, and they set to work to mould the edges of their orders, and to carve them with foliage and ultimately with figures, and to multiply them by bringing the arch forward between flanking buttresses far in advance of the wall which it was their original task to carry, till the three orders of Avallon became five at Reims and nine at Amiens.

The new system began in the arch for constructive reasons, not as some have supposed in the jamb, for the orders in the jamb are occasioned by those in the arch. From the arch the system descended to the jamb. Each order in the arch had its own shaft to carry it, which, in time, was combined with a figure incorporated in the shaft and generally worked on the same stone, though in later times the statues were sometimes distinct, which was an illogical departure from the reason of their being there at all.



7.—AN ATTENUATED FIGURE.

This is the history of the great French Portal, and unless it is understood the meaning of the Portal itself will be unintelligible. Without this clue to its design, and without the knowledge of the constructive system on which it is formed such a portal as that of Amiens can only appear a chaotic mass of sculptures piled irregularly together, the mere capricious creation of a fanciful brain. Not so has any good architecture ever come into being; for every stage of its development there has been, and can be found, a reason.

FOR AN IDLE HOUR

THE latest product of Mr. Robert Chambers' fertile imagination is well named *The Better Man* (Appletons, 6s.) for it is a collection of short stories dealing entirely with the better man and the one and only girl. The free rein given to his sentimental mood is perhaps over emphasised by meeting these little *contes* in the close companionship of a single volume, but some of them also bear evidence of that other mood of high adventure in which we like Mr. Chambers best. The first half dozen tales of game protecting and poaching in the Sagamore country, with a little primitive love-making thrown in, are excellent specimens of this kind. The rest are placed in the less strenuous surroundings of the Southern States, in an atmosphere of fruit and sunlight and gorgeous butterflies, where the girls can wear white all the time; but there is some adventure even here—for which we would recommend our readers to turn to "Ole Hawg," or to Carondolet, a quite exciting account of a panther hunt. *The Better Man* is not a book to be read at a sitting, but taken in sips, so to speak, it will be found a refreshing accompaniment to odd hours of ease.

In *The Luck of the Strong* (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.) Mr. Hope Hodgson also gives us a volume of short stories, but of very different calibre to those of Mr. Chambers. Anyone who has read that grisly thriller "The Ghost Pirates" will know what I mean. The author deals largely in

" cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

and worse things still. The nervous reader is advised not to tackle either the adventures of "Captain Jat" or "The Stone Ship" too late at night. If he does he will find himself casting a hurried glance over the edge of the book, not once, but many times. Not all the stories are of this kind, however. The first, concerned with the theft of the Mona Lisa, is to be commended to the notice of the authorities at the Louvre, and there is a fine account of a burglary, "The Getting Even of 'Parson' Guyles." Not only can Mr. Hope Hodgson tell a tale convincingly, but he has a gift for characterisation which would redeem his work from the commonplace even if the subject matter were less entertaining than it is. Thus Parson Guyles, the renegade Presbyterian Minister, shows a subtle picture of the struggle between good impulses and bad—the bad unluckily reinforced by poverty. "Captain Jat" is a study in cupidity and likewise in devotedness. Of all the stories in the book "The Stone Ship" is the only one which does not display this special gift on the part of the author, and that is so packed with sheer horror that there is no room for anything else.

WHAT BEDFORDSHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—I

BOTH Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire may take pride in the record of the Bedfordshire Regiment, for the two counties are its recruiting ground, as since 1891 there has been no regimental district in Hertfordshire, and the old Hertfordshire Militia is now the 4th Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment. The record of the Bedfords is one of hard work and hard fighting. The 1st Battalion was in one of the most severely tried brigades, the 15th. "There was one brigade," it has been said, "that had a past. It had fought at Mons and Le Cateau, and then ploughed way cheerfully through the retreat and the advance. What was left yet fought stiffly on the Aisne. Some hard marching and it was thrown into

Givenchy. At the end of the month the 2nd Corps was withdrawn into reserve, and some of its battalions, including the Bedfords, were sent north to take their part in the defence of Ypres, where the Bedfords and the Cheshires won the praise of their Brigadier for their work in the trenches east of Ypres.

"Only eye-witnesses," he said, "could appreciate the work done by them. After fifteen days' unremitting hardship and danger they have come out with flying colours and done immense credit not only to their regiments but to the brigade. Only eye-witnesses could appreciate the dogged courage with which the battalion have faced, not only the enemy at close range, but have sat tight under



CAPT. BASIL ORLEBAR.

Who captured a German position.

2ND LT. A. C. DOWNES.

Died of wounds, November, 1914.

LT. V. C. DOWNES.

Died of wounds, October, 1914.

PTE. EDWARD WARNER, V.C.

Died of gas poisoning.

action at La Bassée. There it fought itself to a standstill. It was attacked, and attacked again, until, shattered, it was driven back one wild night. It was rallied and turning on the enemy held them. It staggered into action at Ypres, and somehow, no one knows how, it held its bit of line. A brigade called by the same name, consisting of the same regiments and commanded by the same general but containing scarce a man of those who had come out in August, marched very proudly away from Ypres, not to rest, but to hold another bit of the line. There were no picked men in the brigade. It contained just four ordinary regiments of the line—the Norfolks, the Cheshires, the Dorsets and the Bedfords," the old regiment whose nickname is the Peacemakers. The Peacemakers have taken part in every action in the campaign down to Loos, have won six Distinguished Service Orders, several Military Crosses, two Victoria Crosses, one Médaille Militaire and the Legion of Honour. "There is only one word to qualify the conduct of both officers and men," said a General reviewing the regiment, "it has been magnificent."

The 1st Battalion in Count Gleichen's 1st Brigade in the 5th Division of the 2nd Army Corps was with the rest of the brigade in reserve about Boussu, a mile north of Dour at Mons, and retreated south to Le Cateau, where the whole of the 2nd Corps broke the vigour of the German attack by its stubborn resistance. The Bedfords had "proper stiff fighting" on the Rivers, and again in the difficult operations of the 2nd Corps from October 11th in the direction of La Bassée where the 5th Division on the right came in for strong resistance on the 13th, when the Dorsets were fighting at Pont Fixe and the Bedfords shelled out of

heavy shell-fire and borne every sort of hardship—cold, wet, mud, serious losses, exhaustion, nerve strain and insufficient clothing—without a murmur.

But the tale of the honours of the Bedfords was not complete when it staggered out of the autumn battle of Ypres, where it had, after all, only a share in that immense mêlée; they were among few regiments in at the defence of Hill 60. The hill was mined with cases of explosives, and two companies of the Bedfords under Major Allison volunteered to stay in the trenches below the hill and "do the double with the West Kents when the hill 'went up,'" as it did with an earth-rending and deafening explosion on April 17th.

The Bedfordshires and East Surreys relieved the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and the West Riding Regiment on the hill. They beat off three attacks in one night. "It was difficult to keep the soldiers on the hill supplied with ammunition, and the one cry of the wounded as they were carried to the dressing-stations was, 'They want ammunition and reinforcements.'" "As we relieved the regiment upon the hill," wrote Private Franklin of the

Bedfords, "they exhorted us to 'Hold on boys,' and we fought on desperately, and our officers stood until the last man." The hill was continuously shelled on April 21st and the following days, and on May 1st to the shelling were added great volumes of asphyxiating gas, which disabled nearly all the men along a front of nearly 400yds. The leaders rallied the men with splendid courage, and the enemy was once more driven back. On that day Private Warner won the Victoria Cross for his devoted courage. He entered an abandoned trench single-handed, but no reinforcements could



CAPT. A. C. DOWNES.

Killed in November, 1914.

LT. V. C. DOWNES.

Killed at Neuve Chapelle.

reach him through the cloud of gas. He then came back, brought up more men, and held the trench until the attack died away. He died shortly afterwards from the gas poisoning. A young officer of the regiment also won distinction in the trenches near the Hill during the gas attacks in May. Twice between May 1st and May 7th gas was poured against the regiment, and Second-Lieutenant Curtis, after his senior officer was wounded, took charge and held on to No. 47 trench, though the Germans got round his right flank and enfiladed him. All the enemy's efforts to bomb the little garrison out were defeated, though the strain and the privations were intense. On May 6th they were cut off from the rest of the line and were unable to get either rations or water; but in spite of the heavy fire and their isolated position the Bedfords made several counter-attacks with hand grenades under the leadership of Second-Lieutenant Curtis.

The 2nd Battalion of the Bedfords, who were in South Africa when the war broke out, share in the dearly bought honours of the "Fighting Seventh" division in the battle of Ypres. "I don't think any division out here has done more marching and fighting," wrote a man of the Bedfords. They were in Brigadier-General Watts' 21st Brigade, and got into close touch with the Germans at Bécelaere. The Bedfords were in reserve during the early days of the fighting about Ypres, but portions were constantly called upon to move up to reinforce the other three battalions of the brigade, the 2nd Yorkshires, the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers and the 2nd Wiltshires. On the 21st October the Germans thrust in between the Scots Fusiliers and the Yorkshires, who for three days were forced to fight an action on two fronts, but on the 23rd the Bedfords closed the gap. They had a brief rest to reinforce before moving to Armentières; but while holding trenches in these parts the brigade was sent north to reinforce the 4th Division which was suffering. They were at Ypres about a week before rejoining the division. Their losses, as in all the regiments of the heroic division, were heavy; in the first fortnight's fighting the regiment had more than 600 casualties and lost all but three of its officers, and all that eventually came out of the firing line were one officer and some 300 men.

The Bedfords were in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, again losing heavily, and after that, in the attacks on the Aubers ridge and the first battle of Festubert. At Neuve Chapelle the Bedfords with the rest of the 21st Brigade were brought up with two reserve battalions of the 4th Corps on March 10th, and moved forward in the afternoon in the direction of the Piètre Mill. At first they made good

progress, but were afterwards held up by machine-gun fire from a house held by the Germans, and from a defended work opposite the right of the 22nd Brigade. During the difficult days from March 10th to March 14th, when the Germans counter-attacked, Major Denne, D.S.O., and a small party made a devoted little attack under most severe fire on March 12th. All the little party were shot down and he himself was severely wounded; but Captain Charles C. Foss dashed forward at once with eight men, and attacking with bombs, captured the German position and took nearly sixty German prisoners. Captain Foss, who had already been awarded the D.S.O., has been given the Victoria Cross for this exploit. Sir John French, speaking of the regiment's work at Neuve Chapelle, said that he knew "that no regiment pushed forward more gallantly than the 2nd Battalion of the Bedfords," and the division was congratulated again by General Joffre and Sir John French after Festubert for its service; "and," writes a private of the division, "I think that the people of Bedford ought to be proud of having a regiment which has got such a name as the Bedfords have got for their good work."

Among the losses in Bedfordshire are the two sons of the late Lieutenant-Colonel C. V. Downes of Aspley House. The elder son, Lieutenant Villiers Chernocke Downes of the 1st Bedfords, died of wounds in October, 1914. He had seen fighting at Mons, Le Cateau and the Marne, and had been taken prisoner but escaped. The second son, Second-Lieutenant Archer Chernocke Downes of the 1st Cheshire, died of wounds received while attending to a wounded man of his regiment outside the trenches. Two members of the Orlebar family have fallen: Captain Basil Orlebar of the 3rd Bedfords, elder son of the late John Orlebar, who was killed in January, 1915, was attached to the 1st Battalion for foreign service, and saw fighting at the Marne and the Aisne, La Bassée and Neuve Chapelle, besides other engagements. He died, to quote the words of one of his men, all of whom were much attached to him, "a soldier and a gentleman." Mr. Robert Orlebar, only child of Colonel Evelyn Orlebar, has also fallen. Mr. John F. Allen, sixth and youngest son of Mr. W. H. Allen of Bromham House, has also died of wounds received near Ypres. The name of Captain A. H. M. Bowers, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers of Beeston Grange, has been added to the roll of honour. He had served in the South African War, and had served for eleven months in the Durham Light Infantry at the front before his death in August, 1915; and Captain S. H. Farrar of the Northamptonshire Regiment, the only son of Captain Percy Farrar, D.S.O., of Milton Ernest House, has also fallen.

M. J.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Nearing Jordan: Being the Third and Last Volume of Sixty Years in the Wilderness, by Sir Henry Lucy. (Smith, Elder.)

So at last we have come to the end of "Toby, M.P.!" I for my part never thought there would be an end to his story. It was not because of any long-winded dulness on his part, but he seemed to possess the gift of eternal youth. A few years ago, when he was getting to be what the world thought an old man, we were being conveyed to a country house in the same carriage, and the end of the journey was up a steep hill. "Toby" slipped out at the bottom and ran up like a hare. "I make a practice of doing this to keep myself in condition," he explained when he got in again. His mind remained correspondingly vigorous. I always thought that its strength was best exemplified in that astonishing parliamentary diary which, as "Toby, M.P.," he wrote for *Punch*. To the wayfaring man it might not seem much of an achievement, but anyone who had attempted the same kind of thing would realise the brilliance and power of intellect that had gone to the making of those crisp, pointed sentences in which the essentials of a long and dreary debate were crystallised, while all the time he was a dramatist ever managing and directing the movements of a set of *simulacra* which were the reflections in his mind of the parliamentary *dramatis persona*. And now he approaches the end with a smile on his face. *Nearing Jordan* is an expression that carries with it in most of our minds a touch of sadness. Nothing is easier than to express a weariness of life, a wish for rest, etc. But these sentiments are very seldom sincere. M. Metchnikoff, whose experience included this among the

million aspects of life in which he was interested, tells us how he interviewed in a hospital those who were afflicted with painful and incurable diseases. Many said they longed for death to release them, but their attitude changed the moment he suggested a possible cure. He tells particularly of one old lady who could do nothing save wish for death to ease her pain, and who declared that there was nobody and nothing left to constitute a tie between her and the world; but when the great philosopher threw out half a hint that her illness might be cured, the tired look went from her eyes and the bright hopefulness of her expression told at once that she was not at all disposed to cast off the burden of life as long as it abode with her. Sir Henry Lucy's *Nearing Jordan* offers a very different picture. His old *Punch* friend, E. T. Reed, has done a frontispiece for this book, which shows "Toby" at his jauntiest. He is seated on the back of a most self-satisfied-looking camel; he is loaded with bags of dates and parliamentary history; a sword, a quill projects from the back of his head; he holds a smoking cigar between his fingers, and it is as large and fat as a closed umbrella; the old smile is on his face, his hair stands erect in the old way, and the figure is instinct with the most joyous anticipation. It may be irreverent, but one cannot help feeling that "Toby" dreams of the land beyond Jordan flowing not with milk and honey, but with champagne and the best tobacco. The contents of his book are very much in keeping with this cheery frontispiece. Men and things are touched upon shrewdly, lightly and not without a suspicion here and there of the old dog's temper; for "Toby" could show his teeth, growl, and even bite at times, and those who do not recognise this do not know him.

It is very difficult to select from this book of reminiscences, because every line of it is interesting. His reminiscences of the *Punch* dinners round "the Old Mahogany Tree" make the mouth water, and when he describes the celebration of the *Punch* Jubilee at the Sign of the Ship, Greenwich, and how William Bradbury's genius for hospitality rose to the occasion, you would like to reproduce not only the menu, but the banquet itself. Fourteen dishes of fish following in succession, accompanied by a selection of wines that would of itself have entitled William Bradbury to a memorial tablet, show how the contributors to *Punch* "cultivated literature on a little oatmeal." His description of the Tenniel farewell dinner is even better. I must quote:

The chief success of a brilliant night was the speech Tenniel didn't make. "A speech that makes one in love with silence," was Mr. Birrell's happy description of the episode. It was a pathetic scene whilst the veteran stood before the silent audience vainly endeavouring to recall the oration he had spent nearly two months in composing and committing to memory. There was nothing painful about it. There was, indeed, a prevalent feeling that nothing could have been better. As an artistic touch it was the highest development, more effective even than a speech marked by the point of Mr. Birrell and delivered with the fluency of the American Minister.

His eulogium of Phil May is very characteristic. He describes it as sad but not surprising that poor Phil May died, after the custom of the kingdom of Bohemia, practically penniless. He had even parted with the original sketches of his regular contributions to magazines. Phil May on Sunday nights used to keep open house, with drinks and smokes for any friends or even mere acquaintances who came to look in. Sir Henry quotes a cynical and over-true remark made by an old friend of Phil May's, present at the funeral:

"Phil," he said, "with all his faults was too good a fellow to go anywhere but to heaven. All the same, it'll be a bitter disappointment to the other place. The first thing he would have done on arrival would have been to stand drinks all round. And you know they sorely need the refreshment."

There is a chapter called "Some Men of Letters," in which the prettiest passage is a description of a dinner given in the House of Commons by the present Lord Curzon, the guests being, in addition to "Toby," Oscar Wilde, Arthur Balfour, George Wyndham and Lord Cranborne. The talk ran on titular honours given to men of letters. Wilde said nothing would induce him to change or add to his name, and as an Irishman he would certainly decline an English title.

"Oh, that can be easily managed," said George Wyndham. "There is already in the Irish aristocracy The O'Conor Don and The O'Donoghue. Why should we not have The O'Scar?"

The other men of letters, such as George Augustus Sala and W. H. Russell, are those with whom we would expect "Toby" to be familiar. A special chapter is devoted to Alfred Tennyson, who, though not quite five months older than Gladstone, in respect of vitality was at least five years more worn-out. Here is a description of the poet walking in the Park:

A notably tall man in spite of his stoop, growing somewhat stout, still walking with long strides, he carried a stout stick, but did not seem to feel necessity for its assistance. A long unkempt beard obscured the lines of his face. It was further disguised by a pair of uncompromisingly large spectacles. In supplement of these there dangled over his closely buttoned cloak a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, probably used for reading, while the spectacles served for distant sight. He wore a broad-brimmed, time-and-weather-worn felt hat, slightly slouched, trousers guiltless of gloss or fashionable cut, with gaiters buttoned over thick-soled boots.

It is very tempting to go on tasting and sampling the contents of this witty, clever and cheerful volume, but we must be content to leave the rest for the discovery of the reader. Even the anecdote of General Congreve shall be left untold, like the story of Cambuscan bold. Enough has been said to show that whether Sir Henry Lucy is nearing Jordan or not nearing Jordan, he is the same bright, keen-witted "Toby" whom we have known of old; and should he fulfil his vow and sternly refuse to commit any more of his reminiscences to paper, it is nevertheless to be hoped that he will continue for many a day to coruscate in private society much to his own enjoyment and much more to the enjoyment of other people.

LITERARY NOTES

THE CROON OF THE LULLABY.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has sent a most interesting letter (printed in the "Correspondence" pages) regarding the note printed a fortnight ago in which an observant correspondent told how a young mother began by trying to sing her firstborn to sleep with "Sweet and Low." But she left a nurse to finish it. Later, when her maternal anxiety was aroused by the baby's illness, she discarded Lord Tennyson's over-literary effort and crooned mere nonsense words—a return under stress to racial instinct. Finally, she hit

on a compromise between polished artistic song and crude noises, and hummed a home-made lullaby that was neither art nor Nature. This little story evoked a comment to the effect that refined modern poets had got far away from the lullaby of primitive man, which was akin to a cat's soft purring over kittens or a hen's solicitous chuckling over eggs or chicks.

THE CROON OF THE FOREST.

As primitive man was being developed, the mother's croon, like much else, took definite shape. Mr. Frankfort Moore's theory calls up a vision of forest trees swayed by a wind whose soft stirring among the leaves and branches made a music still familiar and dear to humanity. It was to that movement of swaying limbs and leaves rustled by the wind that the ancestral babies fell asleep in the forest primeval. The rocking of the cradle simulates the movement, the slumber song comes in place of the wind's lullaby. It is an engaging picture. Babies still have the strong, small hands of their tree-climbing ancestors, and that deep down they are still more effectively appealed to through the instinct engendered by primitive habit is a new but in nowise unworthy translation of Wordsworth's "trailing clouds of glory do they come." But in this case the glory is that of the increasing purpose which has evolved the holy spirit of man out of the rude instincts of the ape. Mr. Moore aptly quotes the oldest and most popular of all slumber songs as in favour of his ingenious theory:

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all."

THE O'ERCOME OF THE SONG.

On a minor matter I am rather inclined to differ from Mr. Moore. He says the croon is almost invariably of a sibilant character. By the croon we may assume him to mean the burden, refrain or o'ercome.

"But aye the o'ercome of his sang
Was 'Waes me for Prince Charlie.'"

As regards Irish lullabies he is probably right. But the sibilancy is not so common this side of the Channel. The spell of the forest has been described by a modern poet as "lulling," and "Lollai, lollai lytel child" is one of the earliest English slumber songs as its equivalent is in many of the latest. Scottish poetry is rich in "jorrans," which, though defined by Sir George Douglas to be "slow and melancholy songs," I take to be lullabies, for

"The cronach stills the dowie heart,
The jorrans stills the bairnie."

In it the crooning word is Baloo-Baloo. But it should be remembered that in setting forth his merits the Brownie of Blednoch laid stress on the fact that he had new lullabies for the children.

"I'll berry your crap by the light of the moon
And Baa your bairns w' an unkenn'd tune."

The lovely expression "Baa your bairns" was common in the dear old Scotland that was.

LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

An interesting note is published from Miss Friedlaender. With her high opinion of Luther's hymn and her discerning praise it is impossible not to agree. Between this fine and simple religious lay and the inarticulate croon of the primitive mother there is a wide space. Naturally, the mother hums to her child the song of her own time, and many hymns have been used to sing babies to sleep, just as in olden days the ballad was used. By a curious coincidence the book to which she refers had already been forwarded by a correspondent interested in chanties and the kindred counting song "Green Grow the Rushes-ho!" to which reference was made in a recent number. "The Fellowship Song Book" is a collection of eighty-seven songs chosen and edited with fine judgment and taste by Mr. Walford Davies. It is very charming, and it would be to the advantage of young people if they would revert to these varied songs and not allow their minds to become vulgarised by the music-hall rubbish that appears to-day, and to-morrow is thrown on the oven. P.

A FRENCH MOTHER IN WAR-TIME, by Mme. Edouard Drumont. (Edward Arnold, 3s. 6d.)

THIS little book consists of Mme. Drumont's journal from July, 1914, to August, 1915. In a series of reflections on the war news written from day to day it is inevitable that some should seem rather obvious and commonplace. Yet even in these there is a very human interest. They bring back to us the rumours we ourselves believed in and the hopes we indulged in that far away time when the war was still young. "The Germans are in Brussels," writes Mme. Drumont in August, 1914. "They say that we are preparing a trap for them, and that they will be caught all round—one does not know what to believe." Nine months later comes this extraordinarily human entry: "Yesterday the Russians were said to be doing so well, and now they have let the Germans retake Przysm, which is most deplorable." These are not very remarkable thoughts perhaps, but already something of an historic interest is attached to them, and as time goes on and it becomes harder and harder to remember what we felt, the interest will grow. Moreover, the book does not consist only of reflections. There are many little scenes described, both in Paris and in the country. Here and there, too, is a pleasant if mild little story, such as that told by a Roumanian lady who came through Germany to Paris. "When some trains of German soldiers went past and Rose exclaimed: 'Look at those hideous Boches; have you ever seen anything so ugly!'; the Austrian repeated: 'Oh, yes! the Boches really are ugly.'" There are rather too many exclamation marks in the book and there are also perhaps too many of M. Drumont's remarks reported with a Boswellian solemnity. M. Drumont is a distinguished man, and his observations have the weightiness of Dr. Johnson's, but not the Doctor's compensating qualities.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CROON OF THE LULLABY.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your very interesting note "on the artless art of the lullaby" you suggest that "our earliest mothers lulled their offspring with noises akin to the cat's purring or the chuckling of a hen over her chicks." Upon a previous occasion, when noticing an anthology of lullabies, your reviewer expressed his inability to account for the nonsense reiterations of the cradle croons. May I now trespass upon your space to make you acquainted with a theory which I held on this point over twenty years before being able to verify it in the face of the disdainful but fully certified "person in the house," in whose presence even the pride of a newly acquired paternity was humbled into the very dust? My theory is that the croon, which is almost invariably of a sibilant character, should be considered in connection with the rhythmic swaying of the babe in the arms of the nurse, and I think that there can hardly be a doubt that the latter is not so much a survival as a perpetuation of the conditions of the arboreal centuries of the human race. The cradle was then, as the most popular of all lullabies has it, "on the tree top," and the swaying motion could never take place without the sibilant accompaniment of the leaves brushed by the wind. So soon as I had a chance of experimenting with an infant newly arrived, with an instinct unprejudiced by the comparatively recent experiences of the cave-dwelling period of the race, I found that a child of twenty-four hours will not easily yield to the soothing motion of the swaying bough, unless this motion is accompanied by the sound from which it was inseparable in the arboreal days. After the lapse of a few months, however, the infant, if a "good" child, becomes sophisticated enough to fall asleep in a cradle without rockers, and some doctors strongly condemn the tree-top form; but should it become "fractious," the knowing nurse will quickly soothe it in her arms by leading its memory back a few hundred thousand years to the swaying boughs and the consoling sound of the earliest lullaby. But be it noted that within a few months the nurse has brought her charge out of the primeval forest into the cave-dwelling age. She has taught it to recognise the sounds of the passing animals. The dog says, "bow-wow," the cat says "miaou," the sheep says "baa"; then, most important of all, the wolf says a growl, and the moral is imparted in a whisper: "H'sh—h'sh; if baby cries the big wolf will get it." In my childhood this admonition was given daily by a nurse who would probably be pronounced grossly unscientific in these days, but who was really imbued (without knowing it) with the wisdom of countless centuries, and formulating a truth upon the acceptance of which the future of the race was dependent, for if the cave-dwelling infant had not kept silent when the big wolf was prowling about in the cool of the evening, the wolf would have got the upper hand in the struggle—not yet extinct, we have all had bitter proof lately—between *homo* and *lupus*. The croon of the lullaby may be regarded as nonsense by the fully trained Norlandists of to-day, and the menace of the big wolf may be considered immoral by the new censors of nursery tradition, following the lead of Jean Jacques Rousseau, but both have a sound scientific foundation and are closely associated, the one with the cradle, the other with the preparatory schoolroom of the race, so to speak; and deterioration would, I fear, result from the substitution of soothing syrup for the first or an Institute certificate for the second.—F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your reference to cradle songs in the "Literary Notes" of your issue for May 27th sent me to test again by your standards a lullaby that charmed me a few weeks ago when I found it in "The Fellowship Song Book," recently arranged and edited by Dr. Walford Davies. This is Luther's "Cradle Hymn," and although it belongs to a different category of lullaby from any that you mention, and is accurately described as a hymn rather than a song, it seems to me to fulfil most of the conditions essential to a good lullaby. The words have the simplicity of a folk song; the air, by W. J. Kirkpatrick, is a swinging, soothing, drowsy melody easy to sing or croon, and in addition there is that haunting but indescribable charm that belongs to ancient things. Here are two of the verses:

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky look'd down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

—V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

AN OLD COUNTING SONG.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of May 27th a correspondent asks for particulars of an old song. This song is known as "The Twelve Apostles," and two versions (one of which is that sung at Eton) may be found in "English Country Songs," collected and edited by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Faber Maitland, pages 154 to 159. In addition to the words and music, the editors give some explanatory notes which are too lengthy to quote here, but the following extract may be of interest: This song "in different forms occurs in very many ancient and modern languages, from Hebrew downwards. Its purport seems to have been always a more or less theological one." Your correspondent will be much interested in the explanations of the curious words, which vary slightly in different versions.—JANET SCRUTON.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am greatly interested to see the version of the old chanty in your last issue of COUNTRY LIFE. I have known one for years, but it does not run quite the same as your correspondent's. To my mind it is a better version, as showing more distinctly its sacred origin. I never saw it written down; it was repeated to me by a friend:

I will sing you one, O.
What is your one, O?

each time and then:

Twelve were the Twelve Apostles,
Eleven of them have gone to Heaven,
Ten were the Ten Commandments,
Nine was the moonlight bright and clear,
Eight were the Eight Archangels,
Seven were the seven stars in the sky,
Six was the cheerful waiter (Tearful Mater).
Five was the Ferryman in his Boat
Four were the Gospel Preachers,
Three of them were strangers,
Two of them were lily-white maidens,
Clad all in green, O,
One of them is all alone,
And ever shall remain so.

—MILDRED HAMMOND.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About a fortnight ago enquiries were made in your "Correspondence" columns about a "counting song" beginning "What is your one, O?" I find the song quoted in W. H. Long's "Dictionary of the Dialect of the Isle of Wight." It varies somewhat from the version given by your correspondent, I think. The different numbers given are:

What is your one, O?
When the one is left alone
No more he can be seen O.
What is your two, O?
Two and two, the lily white boys
Clothed all in green O! . . .
Three, three, the Kings O!
Four, the four Evangelists
Five is odd and even O!
Six, six—the weaver.
Seven stars in the sky
Eight the eight Archangels
Nine, nine, the Triple Trine.
Ten, the ten Commandments
Eleven—the Gospel preaches.
Twelve, the Twelve Apostles.

The compiler adds that he has found a Latin version current among children in North-West France. It runs:

Dic mihi quid unus?
Unus est Deus
Qui regnat in cœlis
Duo sunt Testamenta
Tres sunt Patriarchæ.

And so on—four Evangelists, five books of Moses, etc. He says, however, that he believes the original chant to be pre-Christian—a rhythmic song from Druid ceremonies. He does not say on what grounds he thinks so, but remarks that "lily white boys," "seven stars" and "Triple Trine" "unmistakably proclaim its derivation." He does not explain "lily white boys" or "the weaver." The song, he said, had become very corrupt in his time (writing thirty-five years ago), and he had difficulty in getting a complete copy.—MARION BARFIELD.

A MUZZLING ORDER, 1579?

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Chipping Norton Church, reclining at the feet of a sepulchral recumbent figure of a knight's lady, dated 1579, there is a dog, whose head is encased as shown. At first sight it suggests the existence of a Mr. Long and a Muzzling Order in those far-off days. The dog, being such a faithful animal, is frequently used in heraldry as a symbol of fidelity, placed at the feet of effigies of married women, and also occurs as an emblem of loyalty to the Sovereign. The dog's head depicted is that of the alant, a kind of short-eared mastiff, used chiefly in hunting boars and bears, and on account of its ferocity was usually kept muzzled. One writer has suggested that the "muzzle" was worn by dogs as a protection to themselves against attack by other dogs or wolves, but this cannot have been so, as a greater handicap to a dog's self-defence could not have been devised.—ALBERT WADE.



THE TEACHING OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The letter signed "C. J. C." which appeared recently in your columns, is one of the many welcome signs that a great number of people are becoming awake to the need for extending and improving the teaching of modern languages in this country. But your correspondent must not think that nothing is being done. So far from the teacher being immovable, he (and even more she) has been for the last twenty years far ahead of the general public and of most education authorities. In the great majority of schools methods of language teaching have been largely altered—one might almost say revolutionised—in the last decade or two. It is now generally accepted by teachers that the teaching of a foreign language must begin with careful training in pronunciation and with oral work, that is, conversation based on the classroom and its contents, or the immediate surroundings of the child, or pictures representing scenes from the life of the foreign people. Grammar is reduced to the minimum needed to secure accurate speech and writing, and is learnt, not as a study in itself, but bit by bit as it is needed. The systematic study of the language is deferred, all the stress in the first year being thrown on the cultivation of good speech habits, the acquirement of facility in speech and the amassing of vocabulary. It may be added that among the men and women who are now teaching French and German in our schools are a large number who have studied their language for a considerable period on the Continent and who renew their acquaintance with it by frequent visits abroad. But however excellent the teaching and however industrious the pupils it will always be difficult for a teacher of twenty or thirty boys or girls to give to each sufficient practice to secure real fluency in speech and writing without unduly encroaching on other work, for certainly French conversation is not the only thing that ought to be taught in the French hour. Here comes the chance for parents to co-operate. I was surprised to read that "C. J. C.'s" French governess was not appreciated. Most teachers of French would have heard of her with delight. Opportunity for individual conversation with a foreigner is just what is wanted to supplement school work (not as a substitute for it, please observe; it is of small value to ill taught children). Such opportunity may be provided in several ways. A French lady may be introduced into the family during the holidays. The boy and girl may be sent to reside abroad for a few weeks. I have a list of French families suitable for this purpose which I shall be happy to send to any parents. For those who cannot afford to pay we have been arranging for some years past exchanges of children with families on the Continent, and the results have been in many cases most encouraging. Little can be done in this way during the war, but we hope to take up the scheme with renewed vigour when peace returns. I do not believe in the German's "marvellous power of absorbing other languages"; but his industry, his capacity for hard grind, his business-like methods and his grim determination to make use of every available weapon in the economic struggle are incontestable.—G. F. BRIDGE, Hon. Secretary, Modern Language Association.

GOD'S TIME AND MAN'S TIME.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The other morning I happened on the way to the station to pass the time of day with an ancient rustic who was mending the roads. I asked him how he liked the new Daylight Bill. His answer was curious. With a face of which it was impossible to mistake the seriousness, he said he had lived to see the time when the world was being turned bottom upward. It was no wonder that fearful wars and "Zellepins" had come upon the country, for our people stuck at nothing; they had even changed God's hours into man-made hours, thus flying straight in the face of Providence. I think this is a revelation of the rustic mind as it exists in the sixteenth year of the twentieth century, which should not go unrecorded.—B.

RURAL SOCIETIES FEDERATIONS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—It is greatly to be hoped that the fear entertained by Mr. Christopher Turnor in the concluding paragraph of his letter in your issue of May 27th will prove groundless, for his desire to see rural conditions put upon a sounder and more prosperous basis will be welcomed by all who take an interest in this side of our national life. If Mr. Turnor finds it possible to carry the matter further, I am directed to say that those interested in this League will consider it a pleasure if he will afford them the opportunity of rendering what assistance may lie within their powers in order to bring about the accomplishment of his object. Their views on the matter do not lie merely in the realms of the academic, but they are at this moment in actual practice upon the Small Holdings Colony at Sharnal Street, Kent, which was formed

in order to exemplify them. In the 10,000 years leases there granted to the tenants, fixity of rent, fixity of tenure, and the right to sub-let at a profit rental are the essential terms, and the tenant is obliged to pass on exactly similar ones to his lessee. It is conceived that if these conditions prevailed the base of social and economic betterment would be secure, and its influence would be felt not only among the rural workers but also among the wage earners in the towns. Without pursuing the matter further now I will only remark that if we can be of any service in discussing the matter with Mr. Turnor, he has only to communicate with me in order that the first step towards an exchange of ideas may be made possible.—E. W. EDSALL, Honorary Secretary, The Redemption of Labour and Currency Reform League.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND'S ISLAND PRISON.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I was much interested in the article on Prinkipo which appeared in the Summer Number of COUNTRY LIFE. I thought possibly you might like to see the two accompanying post-card views which I think you might like to reproduce. I know Prinkipo and should like to add a word of congratulation to the writer of the most delightful article on



PRINKIPO



LES ILES DES PRINCES, CONSTANTINOPLE.

"General Townshend's Island Prison." Prinkipo could hardly be brought more vividly before your readers.—E. H.

WILD DUCK.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—A farmer in Scotland related to me recently his experiences in taming wild duck. A few years ago he got possession of a young brood when about to enter the water and reared them at his farm. He has no drake, and in spring some of the birds disappear, and he has found that each bird returns in due course to the farm accompanied by a brood of young ones. His opinion is that wild duck can be domesticated by being captured before taking to the water.—J. F. S.

THE GLOW-WORM.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Can any of your readers enlighten me as to the habits of the glow-worm? A few nights ago I might have picked up two or three dozen full grown females in half a mile of road. The wind was easterly and, oddly enough, they were all crossing from the eastern bank towards the unprotected side of the road and at a few paces interval from each other. How can this simultaneous movement of so many be accounted for, seeing they were full grown and with no apparent means of communication with each other?—M. L. BRIDGER.

"BROWN OAK."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In articles and letters on forestry and home-grown timber "brown oak" is often mentioned. Would you kindly inform me whether this is a definite species of oak or a particular state of the wood of several species? In one part of North Devon the term is applied to the healthy timber taken from a diseased or decaying tree, which is rendered darker than natural by the discoloured sap which permeates it.—DEVONIAN.

[Brown oak is not a definite species, but it is the name given to a particular form of oak timber. The causes producing it are not known. By some tree experts it is thought to be due to a fungus, while others attribute it to certain soils and localities. Whatever may be the cause, it is certainly a superior kind of wood, and by virtue of its beautiful chestnut brown colour it is in great demand for the interior decoration of houses. Generally speaking, the trees producing this valuable timber are in an incipient stage of decay, and the trees are often hollow. For all this even tree fellers are unable to tell a brown oak when standing without boring, and stories are told of men secretly going up the trees at night to bore before trying to buy them. The

brown oak timber gives richness, quality and depth of tone impossible to obtain from any other oak. It requires no varnish, but when polished with wax or shellac is equal to rich mahogany in appearance.—ED.]

SCHOOL-GIRL WAR-WORKERS. THE EDITOR. SIR,—At a time when everyone more or less is doing his or her bit for his country the efforts of the children are to be highly commendable. This photo-

KEEPER OF THE PEACE.

efforts, till the combatants finally returned to the lake and went their different ways.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

OWLS IN THE CHIMNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a baby owl; I hope it will be considered worthy of reproduction. We have found the little fellow extremely interesting and amusing. He thinks nothing of swallowing a shrew whole, but is here depicted seriously considering the rival merits of a slice of cooked mutton. He is the only survivor of a family hatched in one of our tall, old-fashioned chimneys. The parents have nested in this chimney for about four years, but this is the first young one we have seen—we imagine, owing to the difficulty of scaling the interior, and we are seriously contemplating fitting a rope ladder to facilitate their evacuation another year.—R. F. PRICHARD.



OWLS AND CHICKENS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the letter of "R. D." in your issue of May 27th one cannot resist a suspicion of disappointment at his failure to convict the brown owl of eating young chickens and pheasants. But, really, the likelihood of finding such prey, either in the pellets or around the nest, is extremely remote, since the brown owl does not hunt by day but by night, when young chickens and pheasants are snugly tucked away out of harm's reach, save from carnivores such as rats, stoats, weasels and foxes. The young thrushes and blackbirds were evidently incontinently seized from ill concealed and badly protected nests. But surely he need not grudge these, for a little thinning from such a source will do no harm. In spite of his failure to find mice around the nest, these pests do form a very considerable portion of the diet of the brown owl. Of this "R. D." can assure himself if he will break open the pellets, or "castings," of which he will find plenty in the neighbourhood of the nest. Old prejudices die hard. Give a dog a bad name and you may hang him. It will probably be long before owls will gain the protection they deserve and should have. For the little owl I have less affection. He is an alien imported some years ago, and hunting by day has ample opportunity for seizing both young chickens and pheasants, an opportunity used to the full if all accounts be true.—W. P. PYCRAFT, Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road.

A HUNGRY OWLET.

EGGS FOR THE WOUNDED.

graph shows some Perthshire school children collecting eggs for the wounded in hospital. The contents of their basket prove that a generous response has been made to their appeal.—HAMISH MUIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the following incident of a swan might interest some of your readers. A pair of these birds lived on a large lake on which were also a number of coots and wild duck. One day I saw two drakes in the field having a tremendous fight. On catching sight of them one of the swans at once left the water, went to them and began to try and separate them, at first shoving them with its bill; but, finding that had no effect, it then hit at them with its wings, and continued to do so till they stopped. Shortly afterwards they began fighting again and the swan repeated its peace-making



EXAMINING THE HAUL.

TAKEN UNAWARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken quite unawares as far as the subjects of it were concerned. These five youngsters had paddled out to fish for sticklebacks, which they caught in a pocket handkerchief. The improvised net was sunk under water and held there, and then suddenly lifted out by the four corners. In this way quite a number of hapless "tiddlers" were captured.—H. A. McGAHAN.